

THE LESSER ANTILLES: LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF THE COLORED INHABITANTS. By Prof. HAMEDOE

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS NETA D. ROGERS,
Raleigh, N. C.

See Page 136

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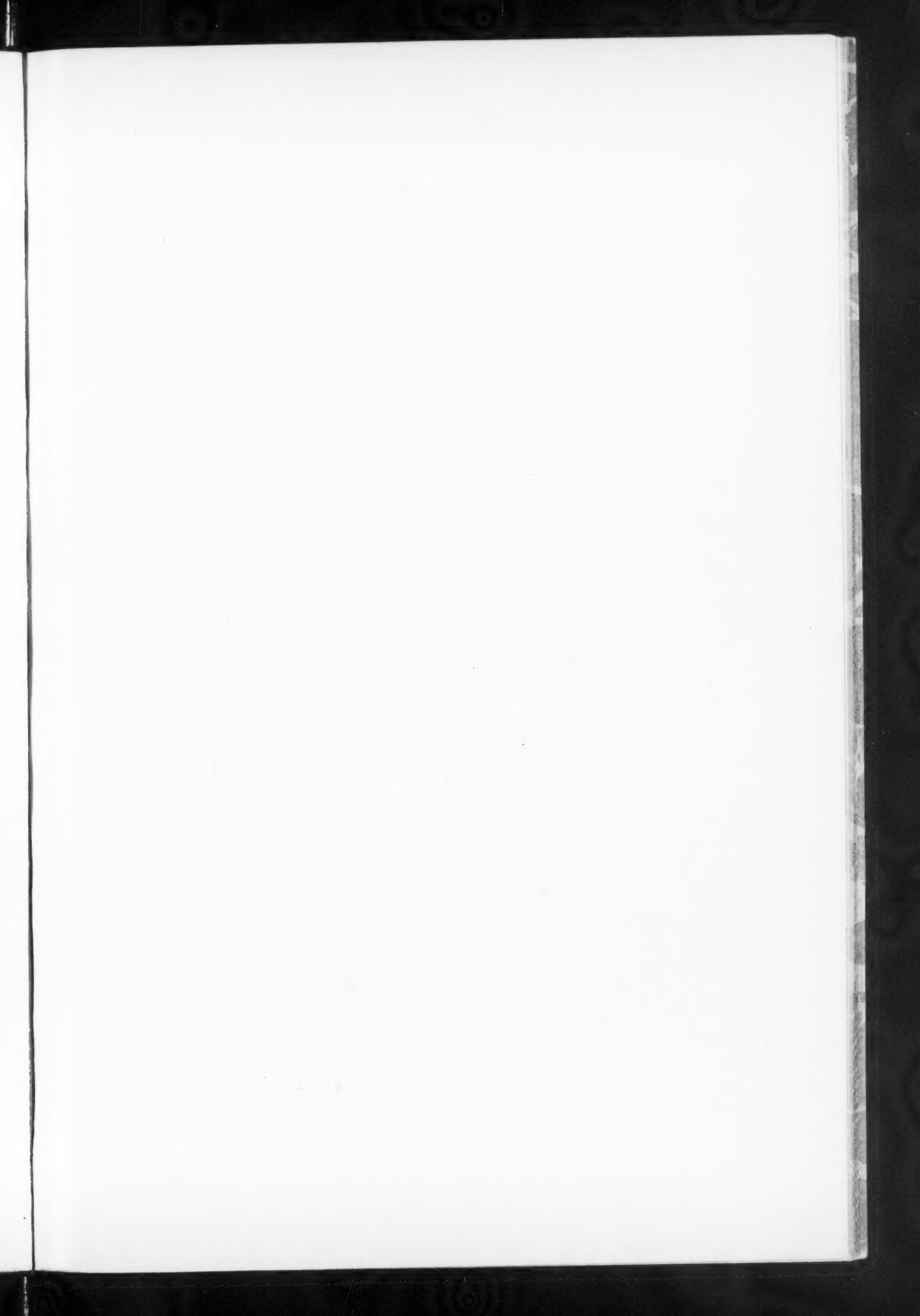
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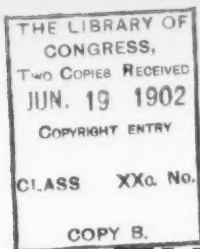
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"And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased."

(See page 83.)



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1902.

No. 2

"OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, says that while engaged in painting his picture at the White House, he was alone one evening with the President in his room, when he said: "There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain."]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.



"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid."

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.



"The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap :
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep."

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
 And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?



"And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge."

THE NEGRO AND THE CHURCH.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Those who are studying the Negro Problem ought to go and look over the situation in Jamaica.

It would give them great light upon the pathway.

The Jamaica slaves received their freedom in 1838.

Today, many, if not most, of the leading merchants, tradesmen, postoffice and minor railroad officials, conductors, brakemen, trolley conductors and motormen, engineers and civil engineers,

and teachers in graded schools are men in whose veins run colored blood.

They are in the main agreeable and well-informed, and many of them are educated and refined. The tradesmen and conductors are more courteous and considerate than the majority of those of white skin occupying similar positions in America.

A few weeks in Jamaica will convince the most skeptical that the colored man

* From the *New York Journal*. Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.

is capable of development through educational methods.

Meantime, there are thousands of the ignorant, the undeveloped and consequently the immoral, in Jamaica, owing to the lack of perception of the English Government which after granting the colored race its freedom, established "The Church of England" with its moss-grown creeds and habits, there and a few schools and gave itself no further trouble regarding the mental or moral development of the freedman.

There is no compulsory education in Jamaica, because England feels she cannot afford to endow schools and pay reasonable salaries to teachers, and at the same time pay the English governor of the island \$30,000 a year, and other high officials in the same ratio. It is the same old story of the Court and the people which exists wherever monarchy exists.

The progress already made by the colored people in Jamaica is due to the evangelists—missionaries of various denominations—mainly Methodist and Presbyterian who have established schools and worked personally among the long suffering people to lead them into habits of right thinking and right living. Individuals have contributed to the good work, and slow but certain progress is being made.

There has been much written by tourists of the unsanitary habits of the poor slaves in Jamaica. "Whole families are found living in huts of only one room without a floor," has been truthfully said. But when we learn that everything in the way of improvements or "luxuries" including a floor, is subjected to a tax in Jamaica, we can more readily understand the absence of those "luxuries" among the poor peasants.

Again the old story of unjust and cruel taxation in the path of progress, while the selfish, blind and cruel authorities who impose the taxes cry out: "Look at those people—they can't be made to improve; they will stay behind in the world's march."

And the equally stupid, blind and selfish observer says: "That is so—mere cattle—no use trying to better their condition."

There is a complaint in Jamaica, as in the States, that the colored race is immoral. But the crime for which the Northern negro is most frequently lynched here is unknown there. A white woman can walk the length and breadth of the land unmolested and respected and protected.

But the Jamaica natives of the lower classes—for there are classes among the colored people there—object to marriage and prefer to live together and rear families without the ties of law or church.

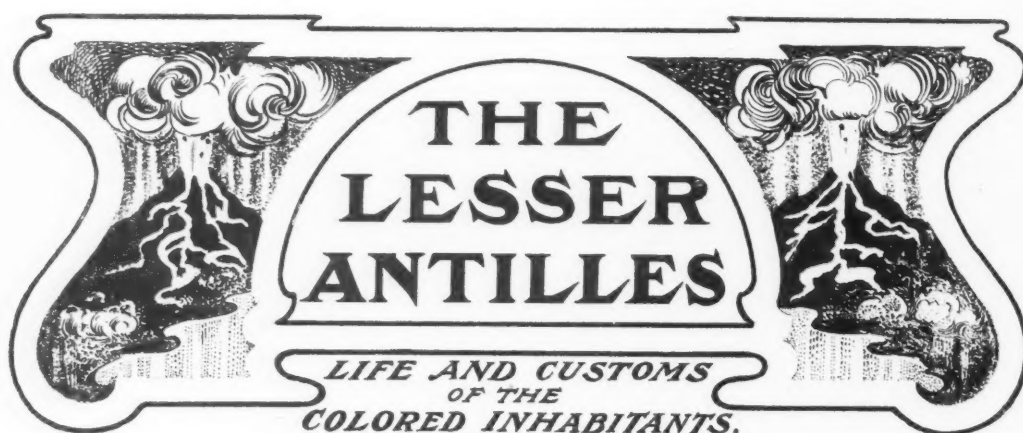
Again, when this fact is analyzed, an explanation is found which mitigates the idea of innate immorality.

The expense of a marriage license, and a marriage ceremony, is one reason why the colored man is slow to legalize his amatory relations; and the horror of anything which savors of being bound and suggests a form of slavery is strong in the minds of the women—descendants of the downtrodden and fettered.

Still again, can any reasonable human being wonder if the people of mixed blood should not display the highest ideals of marriage and love? How came they by their mixed color? Was it not through the flagrant immorality and lust of the white man? Does it seem strange if, together with the paler color they inherit also their white ancestors' indifference to law and morality?

And plainly it is the white man's duty to be long suffering and patient in his effort to lead up this victim of his own branding to a higher understanding of life. Schools of manual training, schools and colleges of all kinds and sensible and humane church influences for these highly emotional and religious people will solve this problem which agitates our world to-day. Never did it seem so encouraging to me as since my sojourn in Jamaica.

The white man brought the negro from his life of savage freedom in Africa and put him into slavery. The white man freed him after keeping him in darkness and ignorance for centuries. Now let the white man work with patience, faith and love until the problem is solved—the problem of his own making.



S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE.

The Antilles or West Indies have been of great renown for ages, and mariners supposed them to be the Continent Antillae, when discovered by Columbus in 1492. The Spaniards held undisputed possession of this portion of the world for a long time, but the constant influx of other nationalities soon brought about international disputes, and wars and many conflicts have caused them to-day to be divided into dependencies of many nations. From the landing of Columbus on the Island of Guanahani until to-day the language of the invaders has predominated until the tongue and folk of Guanahani have ceased to exist.

Spain, England and France fought over the West Indies for nearly three hundred years, and even to-day it seems as though the war just ending Spain's domination of the western world, has only transferred itself in another revolutionary form across the bay to Hayti and St. Domingo.

Until 1640 these islands were the headquarters of buccaners, Dutch smugglers and Portuguese slave raiders. The English having settled at St. Christopher in 1625, fifty thousand British came to Barbadoes alone, and Great Britain forced Spain to give it up in 1670. England then used it as a penal settlement for a long time, when she tried to conquer Hayti and Jamaica. She was repulsed in the former, and in the latter

she failed, as have all other nations who have made war with these two black republics.

A brief mention of the population of the West Indies may be of interest. The present population is five million and seventy thousand, with an area of ninety-two thousand, two hundred and seventy square miles. Three-fourths of the population are colored and nearly one-half of them speak the Spanish tongue.

All of the islands north of 15° North latitude are called the leeward islands and all south the windward islands. The leeward are named as follows: Virgin, Anegada, Anguilla, St. Martin, St. Croix, Saba buda, St. Bartholomew, St. Eustatius, Barbuda, St. Christopher, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, Desiada, Guadeloupe, Marie Galante, Dominica.

The Windward islands are St. Lucia, Tobago, Barbadoes, Grenadines, Testigas, Grenada, Trinidad, Margarita, Tortuga, Blanquilla, Buenayre, Curacoa, Aruba, St. Vincent, and Martinique. the last two are of volcanic origin and the two volcanoes Mt. Pelee and La Souffriere have ever been a menace to the above islands.

These islands are a veritable paradise. In early times work was practically unknown, and it was here that God's divine plan was most nearly carried out. The fine climate and tropical vegetation furnished all of the food required. It was

from these Aborigines that the smoke habit, that has so fastened itself upon the world, was introduced. But the invaders made slaves of the Aborigines and gradually they began to die out and a new race of slaves were brought here principally by the Portuguese.

This introduction brought about an admixture of races, the whites as latin races and Indian, introducing La Belle

The variety of beautiful ferns and orchidaceous plants and the yellow jasmine, red and white roses, many species of cacti and tube roses grow by the sidewalks in the towns while the oleanders grow as tall as trees and everywhere we see the night blooming cereus. The fragrance of this tropical verdure together with the evening moonlight on the waters, lend an enchantment not unlike a dream.



(From photograph by Consul Prentis.)

THE CATHEDRAL AT ST. PIERRE.

In this building many hundreds took refuge when the terrible fire and lava began to threaten.

Creole, the white and Negro the Mullato, the Negro and the Indian the Zambo Oscuro, while the introduction of Chinese and Coolie labor still heightened this admixture, in spite of the clanishness of the two latter.

All kinds of vegetables grow in these islands, some having six crops a year and almost all at least two or three. Here you are saluted by a gentle breeze, impregnated by the tropical fragrance and intensified by the magnificent view of Palmetto, banana, zapotas, mangoes, pine apples and grape fruit trees. Pomegranate, guava and star apple, citron, mammees and other varieties abound.

Each of these islands have a distinct life, manners and curious customs of their own, and all the languages of Europe may be heard spoken there. At Turks Island, as curious as it may seem, an American travelling there, who was a great linguist, was dumbfounded to have a Negro accost him in gaelic and found it was the language of the island. But the people of the Beautiful Island of Martinique are entirely different from all of the other islands.

On entering St. Pierre of Fort de France, you must take, like the sailor who took his land legs ashore, your French tongue, although the language is

a patois, but if you speak good French you will be understood.

This was a slave colony at the time of Josephine, but was freed partially in 1838, and entirely a few years later.

The Negroes or Mullattoes here, have always shown themselves bright and capable, as all of them can read and write and are industrious and thrifty. Those who can afford it send their sons and daughters to France, where they are received with open arms, for caste, such as exists here is wholly unknown. Mixed marriages there are common and it is an expression common to the boulevards of Paris, when they see a mullatto woman with a white companion, "Voyez notre beau blanc."

At St. Pierre you see every shade and melangee of races and every variety of dress. The common people wear a peculiar costume of various colors, and it is here that one should go to study color effect. The women are very fond of bright colors, and many wear only a mantilla over the shoulders and head a l'espagnole or a many colored turban. Their streets are kept clean and the sanitary conditions good and on the farms they live in small cabins in the suburbs of the city. But in the city proper they live much the same as their official brother, or as the Frenchmen in Paris. It was the thrift of the colored men, that caused Louis XV to exclaim, "We cannot much longer hold them slaves."

The beautiful island of Martinique has been made more famous by the beautiful creole Josephine Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, universally known as "Empress Josephine." She was the prettiest girl in Martinique, and later France's most famous Queen. She was born at St. Pierre on the 24th of June, 1763. Her father was Joseph Gaspard Tacher, a dashing young cavalry officer, stationed here by order of the King. He met at St. Pierre Mlle. de Sanois, whose parents had left France and settled on that island. They were soon married, and from this union the beautiful Josephine was born. Her parents died and left her, when but three years old, to her aunt, Mme. Renandin, whose husband was the largest

and most influential slave owner and planter in the island, thus making his domicile the headquarters for all influential army and navy officers and courtiers who were stationed or passed through St. Pierre, or Fort de France, the official capitol. He was most humane to his slaves, going from cabin to cabin at all times and caring for them as for his own family.

His first consort was one of his slaves, who bore him Euphamie, Josephine's bosom friend through all of her early years of wandering on the island. Accompanied by this slave she spent much of her time amongst the slaves. In the evenings she used to witness their pantomimes, songs, and dances, and so imbued did she become with their incantations that Mme. Renandin declared that she must have African blood in her veins to so thoroughly enjoy their pastimes. But she felt sure that she was among those who loved her, and she was left free to do as she chose.

When she became Queen, Josephine used to sing some of these same songs to amuse her friends at Versailles and Malmaison, and Napoleon often declared in spite of all differences, that her contact with Africans in early life so softened her nature as to make her a heavenly companion. In fact, no man ever wrote more fervent letters to a sweetheart than did Napoleon to his wife Josephine, during the Italian campaign.

The life and the social whirl at Mme. Renandin's made her a novice at receiving under all conditions, and she used to hold court among her slaves, much the same as she did eighteen years later, when all of Europe was at her feet.

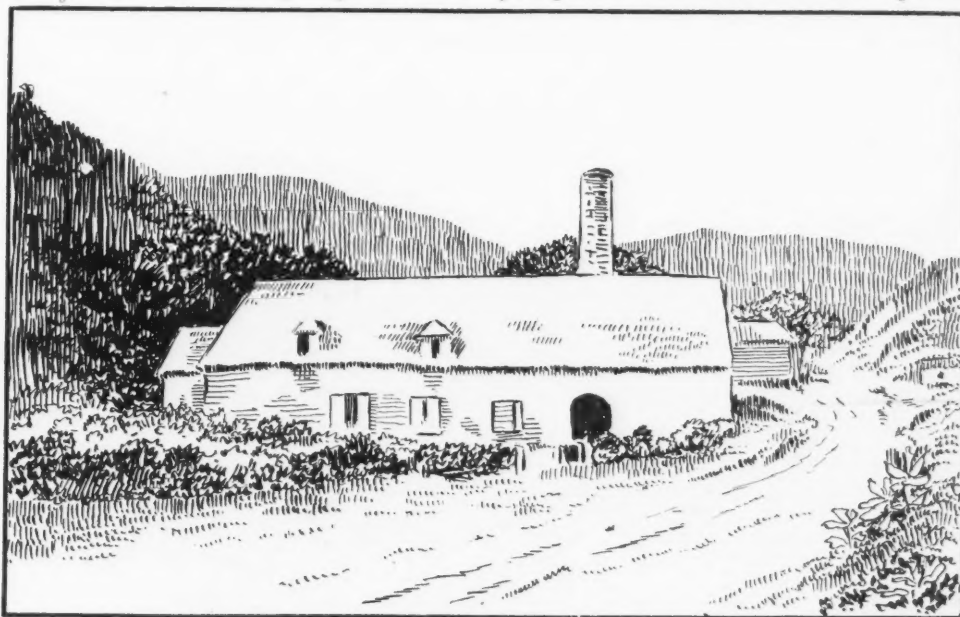
She learned to play the harp and was considered a skilful performer as well as a good elocutionist. Many courtiers who visited her began to note her many accomplishments and la petite Josephine soon became the center of attraction at Mme. Renadins.

One day, while gathering flowers, she chanced upon a fortune teller who was telling all of the little girls' fortunes in turn. When Josephine approached she seemed greatly agitated and seizing her

hand began to read it. After much parlying she read, "You will soon be married, but the union will not be a happy one—you will soon after be a widow, and later Queen of France, and die in a hospital." Josephine went directly to her home and never again consulted a fortune teller.

Her first choice from among these many courtiers was a farmer's son William, son of a neighboring planter, who had been driven out of England and his estates confiscated. He had settled down here, and the son and Josephine had

Then the tide of her life drifted in the wake of the fortune teller's prediction, when Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, a gentleman of the court and one of the most polished officers and courtiers of his time, visited his plantation, which had been left him by his uncle, and like all others, his visit was not complete until he had paid his respects to Mme. Renadin, whereupon he immediately fell in love with Josephine, prolonged his stay and made known his intentions to Mme. Renadin who readily acquiesced. But Josephine was stubborn and persisted



THE SUCRERIE, IN WHICH EMPRESS JOSEPHINE WAS HOUSED AS A CHILD WHEN HER HOME HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE. FOR YEARS IT HAS BEEN ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF MARTINIQUE.

grown up together and fallen in love with each other. They roamed the Savannas, and cut their names in the trees, Josephine and William and then William and Josephine. Then came news to Williams's father that if he returned to England he would have his estates restored. He embarked with his son for England and placed him at Oxford to study. He wrote letter after letter to Josephine as did Josephine to him, but M. Rendin had desired that she make a better match knowing full well the extent of their attachments, and he kept her letters and received his for more than a year, when each believed the other faithless yet they could not see why.

that her vows to William were not to be thrown aside, but after many threats and persuasions she consented and followed him a few weeks later to Paris to solemnize their marriage.

Their married life began very happily, but after the birth of her first child, Hortense, M. de Beauharnais seemed to grow cold and finally after five years, she now having two children, he accused her of her old lover William, and applied for a divorce. The court sustained her character and gave her by right the oldest child, but the husband kept the boy Eugene. Josephine went back to Martinique almost penniless, leaving her heart behind with her little boy.

M. de Beauharnais led a fast life for a while, but he soon found that he had made a great mistake. He wrote his wife, implicating himself and begging her to forgive him and return. She did

rested with three hundred thousand others. He was charged with being a nobleman, when brought to trial, as nothing else could be found against him. He realized, however, that his doom was



(From special photograph.)

RUE VICTOR HUGO (FORMERLY GRAND RUE), ST. PIERRE.

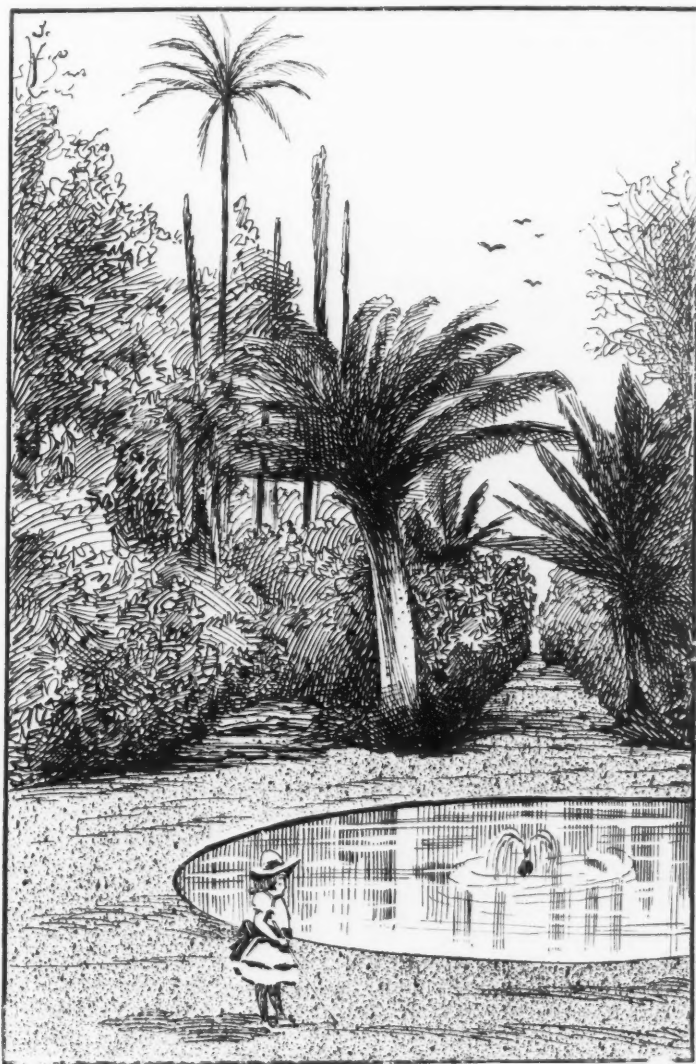
so at once and took up her old place and began to sing to him again the old melodies of her native home. But her happiness again was of short duration.

The revolution broke out in force and Robespierre was in supreme control and M. de Beauharnais with his wife was ar-

sealed and he sat down to write a long last letter to his wife. Later, the jailer entered and cut off his hair, in order that it might not prevent the knife from making a clean cut. He picked up a lock of his hair to put in the letter whereupon the jailer took it from him. He then

brought a lock of his own hair and put it in the letter. Next morning he looked at the Bulletin, and saw that his name was on the list to die early that same day. He was beheaded without even a chance to say a word to his wife and children.

called daily to get a glimpse of her. One day Josephine and Mme. Fontenay wrapped a note in a cabbage leaf and dropped it from the grating in the window that read thus: "My trial is decreed, my fate is certain. If you love me as you



(From special photograph.)

SCENE IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTS, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SECTIONS OF ST. PIERRE.

In the meanwhile Josephine was in prison, and when she learned the news, she lay in a swoon for hours, and many of them supposed her demented.

She had a companion prisoner, also condemned to die. Mme. Fontenay, who was much admired by M. Tallier, who

say make every effort to save France and me." They watched with eager eyes his countenance as he read it. He immediately repaired to the Chamber of Deputies or assembly and brought about the overthrow and guillotining of Robespierre.

Men and women embraced each other in the streets, cried, laughed and every epithet of contempt possible was applied to things and animals as Robespierre, before they heard the news. A peasant woman came and danced before the window, catching hold of her dress and holding a stone in the other hand drew her fingers across her throat.

The French for dress is robe and stone is pierre, hence Robespierre was be-headed. The prisons were broken open and all of the prisoners were liberated.

Josephine was now free, but penniless. All of her husband's effects had been confiscated, and she felt at one time that she would be obliged to beg for food. But she was not reduced to this last disgrace. Still the revolution continued, and the General in command informed the assembly that he was unable with the means and men to cope with the situation.

When Barras was given command, he exclaimed, "I know a man who can defend us. The little Corsican who dares anything and is perfectly reckless of consequences." This little Corsican was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was very small and emaciated, having just recovered from an illness. When presented to the assembly by Barras, they looked at him almost in contempt of this feeble boy. The President looked at him in amazement and said, "Are you willing to undertake our defense?" "Yes," was the answer. "But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" "Fully," said Napoleon, looking the President full in the face, "And I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

So well did he accomplish his work that he soon became an indispensable attachment to the assembly.

At this time he met Josephine. She fell in love with him almost at sight, and said that she felt that an inseparable tie bound them together. Napoleon's many breakfasts were presided over by Josephine and Barras hastened the matter by telling her that if she married him he would be made General in command of the army of Italy, and on the 9th of March, 1796, they were married. She fol-

lowed him to Italy, and when she was in Paris, looked after the social side of life, holding magnificent receptions and entertainments, and cementing a network of France's noble men to the tail of her husband's coat.

No woman in France was ever so much loved as the Creole of Martinique. No man's history more readable than that of Napoleon the first.

Both seemed to have everything to be happy for, but fate decreed against them. He was elected Emperor and she was crowned Empress against her will, remembering the fate of other Queens. She preferred the title of Citizeness Bonaparte to that of Empress. All of the young conqueror's energy was brought to play to induce her to stand the ordeal.

The islanders of Martinique were beside themselves with joy when they heard that she had been crowned Empress of the French. Her daughter was made a Queen later and her son an officer of high rank.

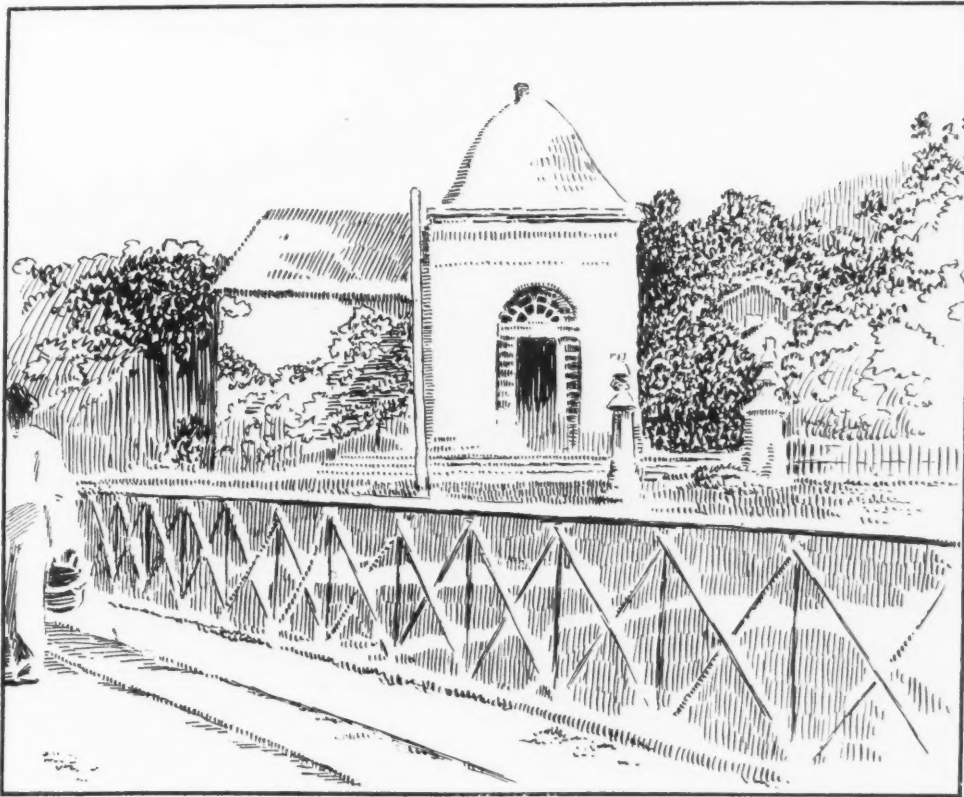
Napoleon having no issue, decided by the guidance of Talleyrand to bring about a divorce, and they selected Marie Louise, arch duchess of Austria.

After having been unable to enter the Imperial Russian family he turned to Austria, and said to Talleyrand, "Tell him, if he accepts I am his friend, if he refuses, I will blow his capitol all to pieces." The divorce decree was signed, and Josephine retained her title as Empress of the French, and was allowed 600,000 francs yearly and two palaces. Even after this, she ever had Napoleon at heart. After his marriage with Marie Louise, and all of his misfortunes, she ever had his welfare at heart and used to say, "If I were with him, I could have helped him so much," and she would never have been so heartless and base as to exclaim, "I married an Emperor, not a prisoner, and my place is a palace and not in exile."

She passed the last of her days at Malmaison and kings and queens all continued to pay her homage. She died as Empress of the French and standing by her bedside was Alexander, Czar of Rus-

sia, who remarked that of all women she was the best he ever knew. She sank gradually, and her last words were, "Île d'elbe" Napoleon. A fitting end to the woman who helped to make France great and Martinique famous. So the Emperor, after exile and when he was dying called for a map of France, and

thousand, four hundred and thirty feet, and has shown many signs of great activity. Fort de France, the official capital, has been three times completely leveled by hurricanes and this last great outbreak brings to mind many other great volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.



(From photograph by Consul Prentis.)

ONE OF THE STRANGE COINCIDENCES OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE WAS THE WIPING OUT OF THIS CHAPEL, WHICH WAS BUILT AS A MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC OF A FEW YEARS AGO, WHICH BADE FAIR AT ONE TIME TO DEPOPULATE THE CITY.

with only his valet in attendance, exclaimed, "France—Josephine."

Life in St. Vincent is entirely different from Martinique as to customs and languages. They have the same fruits, climate and social advantages, but they are as English in their tastes as their brothers are French.

Both of these islands have ever stood in awe of a volcanic eruption. On the former, Mt. Pelee has an altitude of four

La Souffriere and St. Vincent have terrorized its inhabitants for ages, and it is only the expected that has happened when the news reached here of the belching forth of Mt. Pelee and La Souffriere.

On the morning of May 8th, a most violent eruption from Mont Pelee on the island of Martinique, utterly destroyed the city of St. Pierre, together with practically all of its inhabitants numbering nearly forty thousand souls. Since that

time there have been several other lesser eruptions from Mont Pelee and the island of St. Vincent has also been laid waste by an eruption from the volcano Soufriere. What the end of these disturbances will show, now seems purely

daily press, gives but a faint idea of the awful condition:

"We believe, from the information received here from the island of Martinique (meaning doubtless the official despatches) that the disaster surpasses all



COL. WILLIAM A. PLEDGER, *

The Forceful Orator and Fearless Editor.

(See page 146.)

a matter of conjecture, as at the time of our going to press, these two volcanoes are still threatening to further destroy life and property. The inhabitants of both these islands are at the present time in a most fearful condition, and it is possible that both islands will be abandoned. The following despatch taken from the

that imagination can conceive. The whole north-eastern portion of the island is laid waste. Three large communities, exclusive of St. Pierre, have been destroyed. The victims comprise two candidates for to-day's ballottage for members of the Chamber of Deputies."

"All the hills surrounding Le Carbet and Le Precheur (near St. Pierre) are covered with refugees, to the number of about five thousand, who are being taken away gradually. In the meanwhile, provisions are being conveyed to them.

"Of the thirty persons who were originally rescued by the French cruiser Suchet, the majority were fearfully burned, and nine died while on their way to the hospital.

"The corpses which are heaped in the ruins of St. Pierre are not only completely naked, but are frightfully mutilated."

Among the scientific world these violent outbreaks have occasioned special interest.

Professor Angelo Heilprin, of Philadelphia, the geologist and volcano expert, announces a startling theory, that

the disturbances now going on may result in the utter collapse of the Caribbean Islands, whose peaks have sprung into activity.

Professor Heilprin is going to Martinique to study the eruptions there. In an interview on the disaster, he said:

"In my opinion the volcanic eruptions are not the only things to be feared. It is altogether likely that the volcanic disturbances now going on may result in the collapse of the islands whose peaks spring into activity.

"The constant eruption of rock, lava and ashes means that a hole, as it were, is being made in the bosom of the earth. When this hole reaches great size that which is above will be without support, and then subsidence must follow."

WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IV.

A few miles out from Kansas City, Missouri State, on a pleasant plain sloping off toward a murmuring stream, a branch of the mighty river, early in the spring of 1856, stood a rambling frame house two stories high, surrounded with piazzas, over which trailed grape-vines, clematis and Virginia creepers. The air was redolent with the scent of flowers nor needed the eye to seek far for them, for the whole front of the dwelling, and even the adjoining range of wooden stables, were rendered picturesque by rich masses of roses and honeysuckle that covered them, and the high, strong fence that enclosed four acres of cleared ground, at the end of which the buildings stood. Mingled with the scent of the roses was the fragrance of the ma-

jestic magnolia whose buds and blossoms nodded at one from every nook and unexpected quarter.

This was "Magnolia Farm," the home of Colonel Titus. He was an Englishman by birth and education who had invested his small fortune in a plantation and many slaves in the great Southwest; he also traded in horses, selling, training, doctoring, taking care of horses, or, indeed, making money by any means that came in his way (or out of it, for the matter of that); all was grist that came to his mill. In time his enterprising spirit met with its reward and he became a leading man in all affairs pertaining to the interest of the section. The death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, soon after the birth of their only child, had left him solitary. This affliction tendered, therefore, to deepen his interest

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in politics, and he eventually became one of the most bitter partisans on the side of slavery, contrary to the principles of most of his nationality. In his pro-slavery utterances he outdid the most rabid native-born Southerners. In 1854 his famous speech at St. Joseph, Missouri, at the beginning of the trouble in Kansas, had occasioned the wildest enthusiasm at the South, and the greatest consternation at the North.

"I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you who is the least tainted with abolitionism, or pro-slavery, and exterminate them. Neither giving nor taking quarter from the d——d rascals. To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, state or national, I say, the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger. I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither take nor give quarter as the cause demands it. It is enough that the slave-holding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal."

With the memory of recent happenings in the beautiful Southland, against the Negro voter, engraved upon our hearts, these words have a too familiar sound. No, there is very little advancement in that section since 1854, viewed in the light of Gov. Davis' recent action. The South would be as great as were her fathers "if like a crab she could go backward." Reversion is the only god worshipped by the South.

Bill Thomson, whose reputation for pure, unadulterated "cussedness" was notorious in this semi-barbarous section, was his overseer and most intimate friend. Thomson's wife was the Colonel's housekeeper, and, with the owner's invalid daughter, these four persons made up the "family" of the "big house."

The summer sun hung evenly over the great fields of cotton; the rambling house cast no shadow, but the broad piazza at the back afforded ample shade from the mid-day rays, sheltered as it was by great pines; within their reach,

too, lay the quarters. The porch overlooked the blooming fields where a thousand acres stretched to the very edge of the muddy Missouri. This porch, with its deep, cool shadows, commanded a view of the working force, and made it a favorite resting place for the Colonel and his daughter Lillian. The crippled girl found complete happiness seated in her rolling chair gazing out upon the dusky toilers who tilled the broad acres of foaming cotton.

His daughter's affliction was a great cross to the Colonel. His thoughts were bitter when he saw other young girls swinging along the highway reveling in youthful strength that seemed to mock the helplessness of his own sweet girl.

"Why had this affliction been sent upon her?" he asked himself. If he had sinned why should punishment be sent upon the innocent and helpless? He rebelled against the text wherein it is taught that evil deeds shall be visited upon the progeny of the doer unto the third and fourth generations.

Far off in lovely England, ancestral halls might yet await her coming, if, perchance, Destiny should leave him in Fortune's lap. There was a letter lying snugly in his pocket, from a firm in London, that promised much, if——

It was near the noon siesta, and the Colonel sat on the piazza smoking his pipe and waiting the time to blow the horn for dinner. His daughter sat there, too, with an open book on her lap, and a dreamy look in her deep blue eyes that would wander from the printed page to the beautiful scene before her.

The sound of sharp words in a high-pitched voice and answering sobs broke in upon the quiet scene.

"There's Mrs. Thomson scolding Ten-nie again," observed Lillian. The words of that lady came to them distinctly from the hallway:

"What's the matter with you to-day? You leave your work for the other girls. What are you moping about? Is it Luke?"

"Luke been conjured," came in a stifled voice.

"By whom?"

Mrs. Thomson was a woman of considerable education and undoubted piety, but her patience was as short as pie-crust. At her question all Tennie's wrath broke forth.

"Dat yaller huzzy, Clorinder; she conjured Luke till he gone plum wil' over her. Ef eber I gits my han's on her, she goin' 'member me de longes' day she lib."

"Hush, I tell you! This stuff must end right here."

"But, Mistis, dat nigger——"

"Hush your mouth! Don't you 'but' me! Do you get the cowhide and follow me to the cellar, and I'll whip you well for aggravating me as you have to-day. It seems as if I can never sit down to take a little comfort with the Lord, without your crossing me. The devil always puts you up to disturbing me, just when I'm trying to serve the Lord. I've no doubt I'll miss going to heaven on your account. But I'll whip you well before I leave this world, that I will. Get the cowhide and come with me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to put me in such a passion. It's a deal harder for me than it is for you. I have to exert myself and it puts me all in a fever; while you have only to stand and take it."

The sounds died away, and once more quiet reigned. The Colonel resumed his train of thought, his brow contracted into a frown as he watched the rings of smoke curling up from the bowl of his pipe. He sighed. His daughter, watching him, echoed his sigh, because, she thought her father was changing. He was a tall, powerful man with dark hair and beard fast whitening. He had deep-set eyes that carried a shifting light; they had the trick, too, of not looking one squarely in the face.

"His hair is right gray," she said to herself, sadly, "and he is beginning to stoop; he never stooped before. He's studying, always studying about the mortgages and politics. Oh, dear, if I'd only been a boy! Maybe I could have helped him. But I'm only a girl and a cripple at that." She changed the sigh

into a smile, as women learn to do, and said aloud, "Here's Winona with your julep."

The girl bore a goblet on a waiter filled with the ruby liquid and a small forest of mint. The Colonel smiled, his annoyances forgotten for a moment; he lifted the glass gallantly, saying: "Your health, my daughter!"

As he sipped and drank, the girl laughed gleefully and proceeded to refill his pipe, he watching her the while with fond eyes. Winona watched the scene with bent brows. So, happy had she been with her dead father, not so long ago.

She had passed from childhood to womanhood in two years of captivity—a womanhood blessed with glorious beauty that lent a melancholy charm to her fairness when one remembered the future before such as she. She had been allowed at lessons with her young mistress and had wonderfully improved her privileges. The Colonel and Thomson encouraged her desire for music, too; "It'll pay ten dollars for every one invested," remarked the latter. It was now two years since the two friends had returned from a mysterious absence, bringing Winona and Judah with them. The time seemed centuries long to the helpless captives, reared in the perfect freedom of Nature's woods and streams.

Winona was given Lillian for a maid, and under her gentle rule the horrible nightmare of captivity dragged itself away peacefully if not happily.

With Judah it was different; he was made assistant overseer, because of his intelligence and his enormous strength. As graceful as vigorous, he had developed into a lion of a man. But his nature seemed changed; he had lost his sunny disposition and buoyant spirits. He was a stern, silent man, who apparently, had never known boyhood. He was invaluable as a trainer of horses, and scrupulously attentive to his other work, but in performing these duties he had witnessed scenes that rivalled in cruelty the ferocity of the savage tribes among whom he had passed his boyhood, and had experienced such personal abuse

that it had driven smiles forever from his face.

Thomson wore the physique of a typical Southerner. People learning his English ancestry were surprised and somewhat doubtful as they noted his sharp profile, thin lips, curved nose and hollow cheeks. His moustache and hair, coal black in color, increased the doubt.

As we have said, there was no greater scoundrel in Missouri than Bill Thomson. Men declared there was "a heap in him. Other bad ones were jes' onery scamps; but Bill had a head on him."

He it was who was organizing and drilling numbers of companies of men, in case the d——d Yankees proved unruly, to burn and loot the infant territory and carry it into the slave-holding lines by fire and fraud.

Into this man's hands Judah was given body and soul.

CHAPTER V.

Judah's first experience of slave discipline happened in this wise: A man in Kansas City had foolishly paid five hundred dollars for a showy horse, not worth half the amount, a perfect demon whom nobody dared venture near. The purchaser was about to shoot the vicious beast, when Bill Thomson happened along, and offered five hundred even odds that he would take the animal to Magnolia Farm and break him to saddle and bridle in ten days, Thomson being of the opinion that no one knew as much about a horse or a mule as he did, and priding himself on his success with animals.

He soon found that the horse was more than he had bargained for. The beast couldn't be cajoled or coaxed—not a man daring to go near him or within reach of his head. In order to get him to the farm he was starved and drugged.

"Well, boys, I reckon it ain't no use; the ugly beast's beat me, and I lose the bet," said Thomson to the little group of men gathered at a gate of the enclosure, the next morning after the animal arrived at the farm. It was a rough group made up of gamblers and sporting men,

who had heard of the bet and came to Magnolia Farm to witness the battle between the horse-dealer and horse.

"Yes, I'm licked. He's a reg'lar fiend that hoss is. I'm a done coon this day, an' the hoss will have to be shot. I invite you all to stop to the shootin' party."

"Never know'd you to git beat befo', Bill," remarked one, striking the haft of his bowie knife; "an' to lose five hundred dollars slick off, too; sho!"

"My mettles up, boys. If I can't break the hoss in, no one can; that's true, ain't it?"

"For sartin' sure!" came from the crowd.

"What's the good of lettin' a vicious brute like that live?" and Thomson ended with a volley of oaths.

"Bill's plum wil'," said one of the crowd.

"'Nough to make him, I reckon," returned the first speaker. "Bill allers did swear worse'n a steamboat cap'n. The Foul Fiend himself would be swearin' to be beat by that tearin' four-legged

The group waited breathlessly for Thomson's next move as he stood gazing toward the refractory beast. Just at this moment Judah came up and touched his hat respectfully to the group of men.

"Don't shoot him yet, sir; I can tame that horse and win your bet for you," he said to Thomson.

It would be difficult to describe the effect produced on the group by those few cool, daring words—a breathless pause, each looking at the other in incredulous amazement; then a murmur of admiration for the speaker went from man to man, Thomson himself, who had recoiled from the boy, staring in open-eyed wonder at his cool assertion.

"You go near the beast! What do you know about breaking hosses? He'd throw you and kill you or trample you to death, an' I'd be just fifteen hundred dollars more out of pocket by the onery brute."

It was a picture for an artist,—the Negro passively waiting the verdict of his master, his massive head uncovered in humility. There was not among them

all so noble a figure of a man, as he stood in a somewhat theatrical attitude—a living statue of a mighty Vulcan. Into the group Colonel Titus walked with a commanding gesture.

"Let him try, Thomson, for the honor of the farm. I believe he can do it. I'll stand the loss if there is any."

A murmur of approval broke from the crowd. At the Colonel's words, Judah stepped forward and began giving his orders without a shade of servility, seeming to forget in the excitement of the moment his position as a slave. Once more he moved as a free man amidst his fellows and for the time being forgot all else. Thomson watched him with an evil smile upon his wicked face.

"Get me a saddle and bridle ready, Sam," he called to a stable boy, "and a strong curb, too." He walked toward the stable at the end of the range which had been given up to the horse, followed by the men of the group.

"Take car', Jude," cautioned Sam. "He'll put his head out an' bite. He tried to kick de do' out yes'day!"

Heedless of the warning, Judah kept on, with the remark, "I think he's feeding."

"Take car', thar!" yelled Sam; "He's comin' at yer," as a savage snort came from within. The crowd fell back respectfully, all save Judah.

The horse rushed forwards, butting his chest against the iron bar, as he thrust his head over the top of the half-door. His ears were laid back, his eyes rolling, and his mouth open to bite, showing rows of terrible teeth. Judah did not move or tremble.

"Got grit," observed one to the other.

"Wish I owned a gang o' niggers jes' like him."

"I don't," replied his neighbor. "Them big knowin' niggers is dangerous."

Judah stretched out his hand and gave a half-pat to the animal's nose, withdrawing it as he attempted to seize his arm, snapping viciously.

"Stand back, all of you," commanded the boy, as he moved around, facing the animal. Then began an exhibition of

mind over instinct. The power of the hypnotic eye was known and practised among all the Indian tribes of the West. It accounted for their wonderful success in subduing animals. Judah concentrated all the strength of his will in the gaze that he fixed upon the horse. Not a muscle of his powerful face moved for one instant, his glowing eyes never wavered, his eyelids did not quiver, but immovable as a statue he stood pouring the latent force on which he relied upon the vicious brute. And its effect was curious; he stared back at the boy for a few seconds with rolling eyes and grinning teeth, then his eyes wavered, he pawed the ground uneasily, flung up his head with an angry snort, half of fear, and running backwards, reared erect. Still Judah's gaze did not falter; his eyes were immovably fixed upon the uneasy animal; he dropped again, butted his muzzle on the ground, shook his mane and ran about the shed for five or ten minutes, all to no purpose; when he halted opposite the opening, Judah's unflinching gaze was still fixed upon him. A half hour must have passed in this way. At the end of that time the horse came to the opening again, trembling, and his coat foam-flecked. The men watched in breathless silence the battle-royal.

"Sugar, Sam," called Judah, still keeping his eye on the horse, and stroking his muzzle gently. The horse was much subdued, and took the lumps of sugar from his hand without an attempt at biting.

"Wal, I'm blessed!" came from the crowd.

"Hand me the bit and bridle, Sam."

"You ain't going inside, Jude?" said the Colonel.

"In a minute, yes."

With a sleight-of-hand movement a bit of sugar was in the creature's mouth, together with the bit, and the strap slipped over his head. The animal was bitted, the bridle in his conqueror's hand.

"Unbolt the door, Sam; open it wide enough for me to get in," and Judah entered the stable. "Steady, boy, steady. Sh—ho!" talking to, coaxing the half-

cowed beast, the boy got the saddle on his back, and tightened the girths. "Now, gentlemen," called Judah, "Sam will fling open the door the minute I seize the bridle. Stand clear for your lives."

He gathered curb and snaffle at the loop into his bridle-hand, slid his right down and gripped it close at the bit. Before the animal could bite, rear or kick, the door was flung wide and man and steed dashed out together, Judah letting go his right hand and flinging himself into the saddle instantly, tightening the curb with both hands, and driving his feet into the stirrups.

A buzz of excitement and admiration broke from the crowd of men now too deeply stirred for words. The battle-royal had begun. The horse plunged forward, reared wildly, pawed the air, and whirled around. Judah struck him a sharp blow between the ears with the whip, only to have him kick out behind in a furious attempt to throw the rider over his head. In rapid succession the animal plunged, reared, kicked, ran to and fro, and suddenly made a buck leap into the air. There was an exclamation, followed by a ringing cheer, as the men saw the boy still keeping his seat. The moment the creatures hoofs touched the ground, Judah drove the spurs into his flanks and they dashed away at a mad gallop. Then followed an exhibition of the most daring horsemanship ever witnessed in Kansas City. Rising in his stirrups, Judah, while keeping perfect control of the animal, converted the four acres of enclosure into a circus-arena, round which the horse was forced at a gallop under the sting of the whip, and in the true style of reckless Indian riding on the Western plains.

"Well done!" "Hurrah for the nigger! he's beat the hoss into the middle o' nex' week!" These and similar exclamations broke from the delighted spectators. Beaten completely, trembling in every limb and flecked with foam, the horse followed his conqueror quietly to the stables.

Colonel Titus was throwing his hat wildly up in the air in the enthusiasm of

the moment, but Bill Thomson stood quietly by with an evil look distorting his face into a grin of malice and fury.

"Say, Colonel," whispered a man in the crowd, "I wudn't be in that ar nigger's shoes, not fer no money. Bill's mad 'cause he's beat the hoss."

"Oh, that's all right. Bill's square. Come, all hands, let's go up to the house and liquor. What'll you have?" The Colonel bore the reputation of being the freest gentleman in Kansas City.

For a number of days after this affair, Thomson went about the farm in a brown study. As the men had said, he was "bilin' mad 'cause the nigger had got the dead wood on him." "He's got to be broken in; he knows too much," he might have been heard muttering between his clinched teeth.

Judah had received an ovation from the sporting fraternity and bade fair to become a popular idol. Thomson was offered large sums of money for him from several men, but refused them all with the words, "Money won't buy him till I'm through with him."

Because of his daughter's feelings slaves were never whipped on the plantation, but were sent to the slave prison in the city.

About a week later Judah was ordered to take a note to the prison in Kansas city. Being a new comer on the plantation, he was not yet familiar with its ways, and taking the note, suspecting no evil, delivered it at the "bell gate." The man who received the note after reading it called to a burly Negro: "Pete take this nigger, and strap him down upon the stretcher; get him ready for business."

"What are you going to do to me?" cried the horrified lad, at the man's words.

"You'll know d——d quick! Strip yourself; I don't want to tear your clothes with my whip. I'm going to tear your black skin."

Finding that pleading would be in vain, the lad fought madly, until overcome by three sturdy blacks who were called in to assist. They felled him to the ground and bound him with cords.

"Take him to the shed," commanded the whipper. "String him up to a cross-beam. He's to have twenty lashes to begin with, then he's to be whipped until we have orders to stop."

Strung up by his thumbs to the cross-beams, gashed, bleeding, every blow of the whip was torturing agony. The boy uttered not a groan. He had learned his lesson of endurance in the schools of the Indian stoic, and he bore his punishment without a murmur. But every stroke of the merciless lash was engraved on his heart in bleeding stripes that called for vengeance. In the midst of the scene Thomson strolled in.

"Very good," he said, after viewing the work a moment. "Let him breathe a minute, boys, then ten more. Now, Judah, this is a taste of wholesome discipline you're getting. You've got to be brung down. I'm going to do it if I have to have you whipped every month for a year. I'm goin' to break your spirit and teach you a nigger's place; an' if your life's wurth anything to you the quicker you learn your lesson the better. No more high-head carryin', gentlemanly airs, and dictionary talk; breaking hosses in ain't wurth a cent to a nigger," he added with a malicious leer. "All right, boys, give him ten more," and while they were being administered the monster stood by calmly smoking his cigar.

"Got grit," said the whipper. "Ain't whimpered."

"Now, boys, ease up again while I finish my little speech to the gentleman."

"You've got to learn to say 'massa.' It don't matter what you can do nor how much you know, nor how handsome you think yourself, you ain't one grain better than any other nigger on the plantation. If you forget this lesson, it'll be the worse for you. Now, once more, boys," he continued, turning to the whippers, "make it a dozen and smart ones to wind up with!"

All this had happened in the first year of captivity, and since that time Judah had apparently learned his place.

CHAPTER VI.

It was still the pleasant month of May when, as the Colonel sat in his favorite seat on the back piazza, just before noon Bill Thomson rode up to the back of the house followed by a strange horseman.

"I've brought you a visitor, Colonel, a stranger and yet not a stranger, bein' as we've met before. He brings you news," Thomson called out as they prepared to mount the piazza steps. "Mr. Maxwell, Colonel Titus. Mr. Maxwell has come all the way from London to bring you news from the Hall. Now I know he's welcome. Mr. Maxwell, sir, in the Colonel you see a Southron of the Southrons, but old England will always hold first place in his hospitable heart. So, Colonel?"

"That's the right sound, William. Mr. Maxwell, do you stop with us over night sir?"

"I fear that I must tax your hospitality to that extent. Your uncle died six months ago. The estate will be yours in one year if the direct heir is not found. Your signature will be needed to certain papers that will prove your identity and residence here, and we shall also want affidavits made out for filing. All this is a mere formality required by law. Of course, Mr. Pendleton has charge of the estates, being the family lawyer, and is only anxious that the rightful heir inherit. You remember Mr. Pendleton, do you not, Colonel Titus?"

"Oh, yes! Old Pen, we boys used to call him. I hope he'll continue to look after my affairs, if the estate comes to me. I remember him as a very reliable man."

Warren bowed in acknowledgement of the compliment paid his chief. "I have no doubt he will be pleased to serve you. There is very little doubt of your succeeding to the baronetcy—practically we have demonstrated that fact, and I think your claims pass unquestioned."

"Be seated, Mr. Maxwell; make yourself comfortable. Jude!" he called, "Jude, I say!"

Maxwell started involuntarily, as Judah came out from the hallway. At last he had found a clew to the lost ones! His pulses beat fast, but his facial muscles told no tale. But his almost imperceptible start was noticed by the two men, who exchanged glances.

"Take the gentleman's horse, and tell Mrs. Thomson we have a guest over night," said the Colonel to the waiting servant. Judah's impassive face gave forth not a gleam of intelligence as he departed to obey his master's orders.

"Now, Mr. Maxwell," said the Colonel as they sat sipping the fragrant mixture sent out to them by Mrs. Thomson by the unfortunate Tennie, "you said something about no dispute over my being next of kin. Kindly explain that remark."

"Certainly," replied Warren, smiling. "This is my second trip to America in two years, hunting up the Carlingford heirs. I thought I had found Lord George's younger son, Henry, on my first trip, but after a fruitless chase, I was forced to give it up. We are convinced that he is dead and without issue."

"Just so! Poor Henry! His was a sad fate. But it was his destiny. Do you believe in destiny, my young friend?"

"I believe that many things we call destiny may be overcome by resolving to conquer difficulties, not allowing them to conquer us."

"True, very true," replied the Colonel, meditatively.

"Mr. Maxwell, you have expressed the position of our people to a dot concerning the little difficulty we are having with Kansas. Now the North thinks they're going to beat in the fight, and the fools are going to try to fight us, but it's the destiny of the South to rule in this glorious country, an' if it ain't our destiny we'll make it so, d——d if we don't when I get the boys fixed. Got a cool two hundred and fifty coming down here from Virginia nex' week; boys who don't care a cuss what they do so long as they beat the Free States out."

"Thomson," broke in the Colonel, "it

appears to me that I have seen Mr. Maxwell before. What do you say?"

"I reckon you have. Don't you remember our hunting trip up at Erie two years ago? and the murder of White Eagle?"

"Sure enough! Mr. Maxwell was the young Englishman who took such a prominent part in the affair."

Warren bowed gravely.

"Most unfortunate affair! Strange, too, that the man should have been killed just when the children needed him most. If he had lived, Thomson, in all probability, would not have recovered his property." He paused with a keen glance in Warren's quiet face, but it told nothing. His voice, too, was calm and even as he inquired:

"Then Mr. Thomson was the owner of the unfortunate children?"

"Yes," returned Thomson, "I'd been hunting them gals and their mother for nigh fifteen years, an' it was just luck and chance my meeting up with them young ones."

Warren puffed away at his cigar as though it were his only object in life.

"Fine cigar," he observed, at length.

"Particularly fine. The tobacco was raised by my own hands right over there for my private use," said the Colonel.

"What do you think of our institutions, Mr. Maxwell?" asked Thomson, nonchalantly. "They've made this country. 'Spose you have some compunctions of conscience over us, eh? Most Englishmen do at first. But, man, look at the advantage it gives, the prosperity it brings, the prestige it gives our fine gentry all over the world. You must confess that we are a grand people."

"Yet you complained of a tea tax, and fought a 'liberty fight' on that pretext," observed Warren drily.

"Jes' so, jes' so! But see what we've done for the Africans, given them the advantages of Christian training, and a chance to mingle, although but servants, in the best circles of the country. The niggers have decidedly the best of it. The masters suffer from their ignorance and incompetency."

"How do you think the excitement over the Kansas-Nebraska matter will

end?" questioned Maxwell, avoiding a statement of his own opinions.

"There are warm times ahead. The Yankees have got to be forced to leave the States. We'll make ourselves a living terror to them. The trouble is bein' stirred up by a lot of psalm singing abolitionists and an old lunatic named Brown. Yankees won't fight; they'll scatter like chaff before my Rangers. Now, there's fighting blood for you; every man owns a nigger and loves the South and her institutions, an' they ain't goin' to be beat out o' Kansas for an extension to the institution."

"Well, gentlemen, my opinion is that you are wrong. A government cannot prosper founded on crushed and helpless humanity," replied Maxwell firmly.

"Well, well," interrupted the Colonel, "There are two sides to every question. Some day—soon, perhaps, you will realize that we are a chivalrous, gallant people, worthy of the admiration of the world."

"While the Free Staters think themselves in the right, you also feel that your side is right."

"Precisely. They have inherited their ideas as we have ours. We do not agree. It is our duty to convince them of their error, and with God's help we will do it."

"But surely, you do not defend the atrocities committed against helpless women and children that are perpetrated by your side in Kansas every day?"

"Defend them? No! But I sympathize with the feelings of the perpetrators. You condemn them wholly without comprehending them or their motives, thus injuring them and doing mischief to yourself. Each group of men in this country has its own standard of right and wrong, and we won't give our ideas up for no d——d greasy, Northern mechanic."

"That's the right sort, Colonel," nodded Thomson, in sympathetic approval.

The announcement that dinner was served cut short further discussion, much to Warren's relief. The Colonel's words impressed the young man greatly. But ever in opposition to specious argument arose thoughts of Winona and

Judah and the terrible work done at the sacking of Osawatamie.

The remainder of the day was spent in riding over the plantation, and studying the beauties of the "institution" as propounded by the philosophical Colonel. Once only, Warren's anxious gaze descried Winona wheeling the chair of her crippled mistress up and down the lawn, but when the men returned to the house both were invisible.

He and the Colonel were seated upon the piazza in the soft Southern night talking over the points of law in claiming the Carlingford estate, when Mrs. Thomson called the latter for a moment into the house. Something blacker than the black night passed him as he sat there alone. Warren was startled, and it was some moments after the figure passed, before he realized that a man had spoken to him in passing: "Leave your window unlatched."

Pleading fatigue, the young man retired early, but not to sleep. His pulse beat at fever heat; his excited fancy could detect the sound of drums and the hurrying of marching feet. He sunk into a feverish slumber, from which he was awakened by the weeping of distressed females. He listened—all was still; it was the imagination again. He could not sleep, so he arose and looked carefully after his pistols. Danger seemed all about him, but he unlatched the window and drew it back softly, then stretched himself again upon the bed.

About one o'clock he was awakened from a light slumber by some one shaking him, and sitting up, found Judah beside him,—his dark face distinctly visible by the moon's dim light. Sitting in the darkness, the sweet scent of the magnolia enveloping them in its fragrance, the faint sounds of insect life mingling with the murmur of rustling leaves, Warren Maxwell listened to whispered words that harrowed up his very soul. To emphasize his story, Judah stripped up his shirt and seizing the young white man's hand pressed it gently over the scars and seams stamped upon his back.

"I could bear it all, Mr. Maxwell,"

he concluded, "but Winona—" here his voice broke. "They've educated her to increase her value in the slave market, and next week Mr. Thomson takes her and me up the river to sell us to the highest bidder. If help does not come I have sworn to kill her before she shall become slavery's victim. It is impossible for me to put in words the fate of a beautiful female slave on these plantations; the torture of hell cannot surpass it."

A great wave of admiration swept over Warren at Judah's words. It was the involuntary tribute of Nature to nobility of soul wherever found. The boy had become a man, and his demeanor was well calculated to inspire admiration and trust. Something truly majestic—beyond his years—had developed in his character. Warren thought him a superb man, and watched him, fascinated by his voice, his language, and his expressive gestures. Slavery had not contaminated him. His life with White Eagle had planted refinement inbred. In him was the true expression of the innate nature of the Negro when given an opportunity equal with the white man.

Impulsively, Maxwell laid his arm affectionately about the neck and shoulders of the youth.

"No extremes, Judah, until all else fails. I can buy you both if it comes to that, and my promise to take you to England with me still holds good."

"I doubt that you will be allowed to buy us. There is a stronger reason for our destruction underlying all this than is apparent. Don't let it be known that we have held any communication with you, or that you are at all interested in our fate. Be cautious."

"I will remember. But I shall have to study this matter over. I hardly know how to meet this issue if the use of money is denied us. When do you leave?"

"Monday, on the 'Crescent.'"

"Then I'll plead pressing business and leave to-morrow to meet you on board the steamer when she sails. Trust me, Judah, I will not fail you."

The tears were in Judah's throat as he

tried to thank him. "I do trust you, Mr. Maxwell, next to God. I knew you would be here soon; I dreamt a year ago that I saw you coming toward me out of a cloud of intense blackness. I have watched for you ever since. I was not at all surprised when I saw you riding up the avenue to-day; only for my hope in you as our deliverer, I'd have shot myself months ago."

"There is a God, Judah," replied Warren solemnly.

"But He seems far off from my unfortunate race," replied the man bitterly.

"Never doubt Him; His promises are aye and amen. With God's aid, I will save you or sacrifice myself."

They parted as silently as they had met.

CHAPTER VII.

The steamer "Crescent" tugged and pulled at her moorings as if impatient of delay. It wanted two hours of sailing time. Down the gang-plank a strange figure sauntered, clad in buckskin breeches suspended by one strap over a flannel shirt open at the throat; high-topped boots confined the breeches at the knee; a battered hat was pushed back from a rubicand face, and about his waist a belt bristled with pistols and bowie knives. Warren smiled at the odd figure, then, with an exclamation of surprise, threw away his cigar and walked up to the newcomer.

"Mr. Maybee, of Erie?" he queried, holding out his hand.

The party addressed turned his round, smiling face in Maxwell's direction, and after one searching glance that swept his countenance in every lineament, grasped the proffered hand in a mighty clasp.

"Dog my cats, ef it ain't Mr. Maxwell! I'm pow'ful glad to meet you ag'in. How long you been here? Whar you bound?"

"I landed in New York just four weeks ago. Still on business for my firm."

"I 'spose it's in order to look out fer adventures when you an' me gits to-

gether. Remember the fus' night we met? What a swingin' ol' time we had. Poor old White Eagle! Nary sound have I heard, Mr. Maxwell, since, of them unfortoonit children neither. Might a been swallowed like Jonah by the whale fer all I know. I'm right chicken-hearted when I wake up at night, an' think about the leetle gal, po' pretty critter!"

"Mr. Maybee, I feel like a miserable cur whenever I think how supinely I have rested while such a horror was perpetrated—and yet I call myself a man! Your government cannot long survive under a system that thrusts free-born people into slavery as were those helpless children. May I have a word with you in private?"

"Hu—sh!" said Mr. Maybee, looking cautiously around, "them ar sentiment's breathes pizen in this loorid atmosphere. Ef one of the galoots walkin' about this deck was to hear you, you'd dance on air at the yard arm in about two minutes. Them's dang'rous opinions to hold onto in free Ameriky," replied Mr. Maybee with a sly twinkle in his eye. "See that pile o' lumber out on the wharf? Well, that's the best place I know on to have a leetle private conversation with a friend. The boat won't start fer some time yet, an' I can straddle one end o' the pile an' keep a sharp look-out for listeners."

"There'll be a war in this country in less than two years, I predict," continued Maxwell, as they walked ashore.

"No need o' waitin' two years, mister; jes' make it two months. The prelude to the war that's comin' was struck last fall when all Western Missouri poured into Kansas an' took the ballot out of the hands of our citizens, sir. Eli Thayer's teachin' all the North to e—migrate into bleedin' Kansas an' fight it out. That's me, mister; I says to Ma' Jane, my wife, 'good-bye, Ma' Jane, ef I don't come back you'll know I've gone in a good cause, but John Brown's callin' for volunteers an' I'm boun' to be in the fight.' So, I've left her power of attorney, an' the business all in her name, an' here I am. It beats all natur

how fightin' jes' grows on a man once he's had a taste. Mr. Maxwell, do you know anythin' about the transfiguration of souls that some college fellars advocates? Dad gum it, I believe mos' of us must have been brutes once. Yes, sir, dogs an' vicious hosses, an' contrairy mulses an' venomous reptiles. Yes, sir, there's goin' to be a fight, an' I'm spilin' to git in it."

"Is it possible that matters are as critical as you say?"

"Critical! You may call 'em so, my boy. Six months ago I took up a claim outside o' Lawrence. One mornin', a fortnit later, twenty-eight men tied their hosses to the fence and one asked me: 'Whar you from? East?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Then you're a d—d abolitionist,' another says politely. 'Of course,' says I, an' in less than a half-hour the place was cleaned out, my shack burnt to the ground an' my cattle driven off. Me an' two or three of the boys put up a decent fight or I wouldn't be sittin' here talkin' to you to-day. 'Tain't their fault."

"You amaze me, Mr. Maybee."

"Do I?" queried the other with a grim smile. "Well here's another nice leetle caper o' theirs: Bud Wilson's wife writ home to her folks in Massachusetts detailin' some o' the facts concernin' the sackin' o' Osawatamie, an' addin' a few words in her own language in comments, etc., on certain actions o' the Territory militit (Missouri roughs), an' her folks let the newspapers have the whole story. My soul! The Rangers came over from this side under that devil, Bill Thomson, an' one mornin' when Bud was gone they went to the house an' took his ol' woman inter the woods an' pulled her tongue out as far as possible an' tide it to a sapling. Well, I won't pain yer feelin's by recounting the rest o' the po' critter's sufferin's, but they was the mos' dreadfulles' that you can imagine, until she mercifully gave up the ghos' and ex-pired. How's that strike you?"

"My God!" exclaimed Warren, shuddering with horror.

"Here's another: These same Kickapoo Rangers, Bill Thomson captain,

marched to Leavenworth an' took Capt. R. P. Brown (no relation to Capt. John Brown) prisoner, he surrenderin' himself and men on certain conditions. Immejuntly the terms of that surrender was violated. One young feller was knocked down, an' a Ranger was goin' to cut him with his hatchet (Thomson has 'em all carry hatchets so as to skulp the foe like Injuns do), and Capt. Brown prevented him. After that they re—moved the Captaing up to Easton an' put him in a separate buildin' away from his men. Then the devils rushed on him an' beat him to the floor an' cut him in the head with their hatchets, one wound bein' many inches long an' enterin' the brain. The gallant Captaing was at the mercy of his enemies then, an' they jumped on him an' kicked him. Desperately wounded, he still lived; an' as they kicked him, he said, 'Don't abuse me; it is useless; I am dying.' Then one of the wretches—Bill himself—leaned over the posterate man an' squirted tobacco juice into his eyes. Them's our leetle ways o' doin' things in free Ameriky, Mr. Britisher, when other folks talks too free or dares to have opinions o' thar own without askin' our permission to so think contrairy agin us. Yes, sir, I'm a John Brown man. I go with Brown because I can do as I please—more in-dependent-like—than as if I was with Jim Lane, 'though I'll 'low Lane's gittin' in some fine work, an' we'll swing Kansas inter line as a free State quicker'n scat when we git down to business. It's these things brings me on this side noysterin' roun' lookin' fer em-ployment."

"I'm a pretty good shot, Mr. Maybee, and after I finish this matter for the firm, I should like nothing better than to put myself and my pistols at the disposal of Mr. Brown," said Warren sternly, with flashing eyes.

Mr. Maybee ejected a small stream of tobacco juice from his mouth and smoothed the end of the board he was whittling, to his entire satisfaction, before replying.

"Volunteers is ac-ceptable, certainly, ef they brings weapins and ammunition.

This is goin' to be no child's play. The oppersite party is strong in cussedness; on our side, we know we're right, an' we've made up our minds to die right on the spot, but never to yield. Still, we're not advertisin' our idees on the housetops, my friend; di-plomacy, says I an' all of us, is an ef-fectooal weapin' in many cases, therefore I advocate that we perceed to di-plomate—kin' o' play 'roun' a spell, an' feel the t'other side. I'll consider it an honor to nesheate you any time you feel too sot, into the ranks of the Free Soilers, John Brown, capt-ain. Now, what's the business you wanted to lay befo' me?"

Thoroughly aroused by Maybee's words and trembling with excitement, Warren briefly related his unexpected meeting with Judah, and the peril of the captives. Mr. Maybee listened in amazement, chewing and spitting tobacco juice like an automaton in his excitement, with many ejaculations of surprise: "Sho now! "Want ter know!" "That ar Thomson, too! Dad gum 'im fer an onery skunk! I've jes' got to kill 'im; can't help it! He hung three of our best men down to Oscaloosa two weeks ago, tortured 'em fus' tho'." "Cu'rous how things does happen in this sinful wurl!"

"They mus' be rescued right off! right off!" he said, when Warren had finished. "We must git 'em on the Underground railroad this night. You go with the boat an' I'll cut across country an' com—moonicate with Parson Steward. We've got a good hour's start of the vessel, an' there'll be sand-bars to cross,—an',—O Lord, ef we'd only git such a thunder storm as we had the night White Eagle was murdered, it'd be the makin' of this expe—dition. It's been threat'ning all afternoon. Lord, let her come."

Briefly they arranged their plans.

"Tell Judah to git Thomson drunk; put somethin' in the liquor, if necess'ry, then git ashore somehow at Weston. I'll meet you there with hosses an' we'll put fer Steward's shack. Ef once he gits the gal in his clutches, even Bill Thomson won't git her agin."

With hurried good-byes the men separated, Mr. Maybee going up the wharf at a swift gait. Warren went aboard the steamer and seated himself in a secluded corner to watch for Judah and mature his plans.

Just before the last bell rang Thomson came aboard with his slaves. Even the rude passengers were moved by the beauty of the slave girl. Every soft curve of her waist and supple body was followed by the close-fitting cotton gown; her hair, worn short since captivity, clustered in a rich, ravelled plume about her brows and neck; the soft, gazelle-like eyes were large with anxiety, but her step was firm, and she bore herself like a young princess as she crossed the deck to go below. The girlish figure appealed to Warren's tender heart. He was used to the society of famous beauties in the proudest court of the Old World; he had flirted and danced with them in the abandonment of happy youthful hours, and more than one lovely girl had been smitten with his frank, good-looking boyish face and honest, manly bearing, but never before had his heart contracted and thrilled as it did now under the one appealing glance thrown hurriedly and timidly in his direction by the young slave girl.

Scarcely were they under way when the threatening storm was upon them. It began in a dreary drizzle with occasional mutterings of thunder.

Warren noticed that Judah was seated on the deck in the slave-pen next an air-shaft, and he concluded to find the cabin communication with the shaft and reach Judah by it.

The night fell fast. Maxwell hid himself in his stateroom before supper, having made the pleasing discovery that a port-hole in his stateroom opened directly beside Judah's seat on the deck. A note was easily slipped to the slave telling him of Mr. Maybee's plan, and asking what was the best course to pursue, then he sat there in the darkness waiting a movement on Judah's part, assured that his fertile brain would find a plan of escape.

In the cabin Thomson was the center

of a congenial set of kindred spirits, young Virginians, going back to St. Louis after a campaign against the Free Soilers. They were reciting the glories of the expedition,—singing, shouting and making night hideous. Their favorite song ended in an uproarious chorus:

You Yankees tremble, and
Abolitionists fall;
Our motto is, Southern Rights
For all!

One of their number had been fatally shot in a quarrel at an hotel in Kansas City; they were carrying the body home, and had ordered the coffin brought in and placed in the center of the cabin, where, as they said, the poor fellow might have the comfort of witnessing one more good time even though beyond the possibility of joining in it.

In the gambling and drinking bout that followed, Thomson was the most reckless, and soon he, and the rest of the party, was stretched upon the floor, on tables, and lounges in a drunken stupor from which nothing could arouse them. The few women passengers were fastened in their staterooms.

Warren took his saddle-bags in his hand, and stole out upon the deck, picking his way in disgust among the bestial party blocking his path. Half-way to Weston they had struck upon a sand-bar and there they hung, shuddering and groaning in the teeth of the storm.

He seated himself near the railing. The rolling thunder mingled with the hoarse shouting of the officers and the answering cries of the crew. There were flashes of lightning at intervals. Presently a soft touch fell on his arm. He turned and saw Judah crouching in the shadow of a mast.

"They won't be off this bar before morning. I'm going to drop a boat over the side the next heavy crash that comes. Winona is waiting just back of you. It'll take nerve, but it is the only way. We must be silent and careful."

The soft murmur ended, and once more Maxwell was alone. He had noticed the small boats standing along the

sides of the vessel as he came aboard in the afternoon, but had not thought of utilizing them for the purpose of rescue. His heart beat to suffocation, his nerves were strung to their utmost tension. A soft hand stole into his; he pressed it convulsively, instinctively knowing that it was Winona, but they exchanged no words.

There came a deafening crash. The bolt struck a capstan, knocking down the first mate and glancing off into the sea. Surely God was with them. Simultaneously with the crash there was a faint splash in the water, but the vivid lightning flash that followed revealed nothing. There came a lull in the storm but confusion reigned on the vessel; no one thought of the slaves. "Now!" came a warning whisper. In an instant Warren grasped the girl about the waist, swung her clear of the railing and held her suspended by the wrists over the black, boiling flood. "All right; let her drop!" came in another whisper. War-

ren let go his hold and listened with bated breath for the result. There came another faint splash, a grating sound as the foaming waves carried the little craft against the wooden ribs of the steamer. Then silence.

Judah, standing upright in the boat, caught Winona in his arms as deftly as a ball is caught and tossed from one player to another. His Indian training in managing canoes made him fearless now, and his giant strength served him well.

"All right; come ahead," came to Warren's listening ears. He dropped his saddle-bags, instantly following them; he let himself down hand over hand, then swung clear and landed lightly in the center of the frail craft, steadied by the giant black. Silently the little party rested in the shadow of the great hull until another lightning flash had passed, then each man settled an oar in the rowlocks, and Judah pushed off into the night.

(To be continued.)

LAST EVE.

(From "The Songs of the Twilight.")

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Translated by Robert Hamilton.

Last eve the breeze with soft caress
Perfum'd the air with latest flowers.
Then fell the night. In shadow'd nests,
The birds of song with feather'd breasts,
Divinely slept in leafy bowers.
'Twas spring and hid by charms of thee
The stars withheld their usual light,
While silence, in that magic hour,
With sweetest thought was soul's delight.
The night so pure and thou so true,
I lisp'd to brilliant sparks above,
"Pray sprinkle on her Heaven's dew,
Your eyes to lavish on me love."

THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR.

A national, non-partisan and undenominational race organization devoted to the work of uniting the power of the colored race and directing them for the amelioration of present racial condition. A plain and practical plan for the solution of the so-called race problem. Among the Supreme Council officers are :

HON. GEO. H. WHITE, *Attorney-General.* BISHOP B. W. ARNETT, *Supreme Royal Prelate.*
 REV. L. G. JORDAN, D.D., *Supreme Sec.* PROF. A. S. WINFIELD, *Supreme Organizer.*
 PROF. Z. W. MITCHELL, *Supreme Royal Master and General Superintendent.*

As the "Colored American Magazine" will become the official organ of the Loyal Legion of Labor, and will publish from time to time articles of special interest to members of this fraternity, together with half-tone cuts of district council members, etc., a general review of the organization, its objects and plans will not at this time be out of place. While the movement is possibly not as widely known as some others, its rapid and steady growth conducted as it has been on purely business lines, brings the work before the public at this time in such a way as to commend it to all interested in the advancement of humanity.

Realizing that never in the history of the colored race was there greater need of its members getting closer together for the protection of their own best interests, the preamble to the organization's constitution sets forth the following:

"We realize that never in the history of the Colored Race in America has there been a greater need of its members getting closer together than at this time for the future protection of their civil and political rights, the advancement of their industrial interests, the promotion of their individual welfare, and the arrival at a better understanding between them and the dominant race with which they live. Therefore, the best interests of our race dictate that we enter a solemn compact of a fraternal nature, so organized as to make it practical in uniting the live forces of the race in such

a way as to make them operative and susceptible to intelligent direction at all times against existing evils.

Realizing, as we do, that "In Union there is Strength, that Strength is Power," but power or force undirected is useless, and, therefore, the need of the hour among us is the speedy establishment of a practical, systematic Union, through which the positive forces and better influences among us can be continuously directed against a common foe. It is true that the Afro-American race, of America to-day possesses enough organized force in the hundreds of secret and other race organizations among it to preserve every right and privilege vouchsafed by the amendments to the constitution inviolate against all intruders. But the fact that our organizations are organized along such lines as to make them inoperative and impractical along these special lines, has left the race to the mercy of those who have taken advantage of this weakness and the abridgement of our civil and political rights, the molding of public sentiment against the race, the exclusion of colored laborers from honorable fields of labor, the wholesale disfranchisement, the lawless deprivation of life and liberty by mobs and convict farms all follow as a result.

And so threatening have become these phases, that unless some counter-acting influences are set in operation against them, we know not to what they will lead. Entering, as we have, upon the Twentieth Century, we may well

look forward to the very near future when great labor-saving machines will take out of the hands of the unskilled, the employment now afforded a class of our laborers which will naturally be controlled by those who are organized and operating along labor lines. A closer union among us is our only salvation, and it is only through such that we can realize even the promises of the gloomy future. To deal with these phases the Loyal Legion of Labor has been established. Through it a mighty bulwark of defense can be maintained, and by uniting and intelligently directing the live forces of our race, the highest hopes of those who love liberty and believe in equal opportunities to all men, can be realized. Through this organization the work of dealing with these vital matters will be reduced to a business system, and a medium afforded through which every man and woman, every boy and girl can hurl their single grain of individual influence against threatening evils. Arsenals of defense have been established, which, if given proper support, will eventually secure to the race the blessings of liberty, equal rights and opportunities. The first of which is, an Educational Publication Department, in which every person becoming a member of the organization is given stock to the amount of his membership fee. The second is a legal, protective and advisory department, through which an unceasing fire against unconstitutional laws and dehumanizing practices will be directed until we shall stand before the nation possessed with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by others.

The third is an Emigration, Industrial and Evangelical Department. Through this department the work of securing homes for those seeking better surroundings and opportunities, compiling and furnishing information in detail on the subject of emigration, encouraging industrial education, and securing employment for members, together with the general advancement of the cause of Christ, will be conducted on business principles.

Through this medium, fraternal soci-

eties can operate in a way that will at once be recognized by the outside world, and the organized forces, now pent up within their fraternal limits, can be vigorously directed in defense of our race against those who would take from us our rights and liberties, and thereby reduce us to dependency and want."

The gravest and most complexed question before the American people today is the race question. Upon this subject volumes have been written, and yet, no subject is as little understood by the masses of both races as is this one. Statesmen, in their haste to find a panacea for all racial ills, have thoughtlessly attempted to deal with effects, while the causes giving rise to them have been sadly ignored. Some years ago the founder of this organization was impressed with the importance of giving to the subject an earnest, serious study, such as would be given to any subject or course of studies of like importance. Since then, he states, a journey of over fifty thousand miles has been made by him in search of information, and five years of earnest, conscientious effort given to the work of familiarizing himself with every phase of racial life and conditions in this country.

The Supreme Royal Master, Prof. Z. W. Mitchell, speaks on racial conditions and the plan of the Loyal Legion of Labor for reaching and bettering them, as follows:

CONDITIONS AS THEY ARE.

To know the ingredients of a stream it becomes necessary to know something of the fountain or source from which it flows. In order to gain a proper conception of racial conditions as they exist to-day, it will be necessary to contrast the present with the past. Therefore, a word on the source and influences from under which the American Negro has come will not be out of place. If a few years of training will leave its impress upon those placed under its influences, what would naturally be the effect of influences allowed to play unrestrainedly around and against a class of human be-

ings for centuries? In the north we have been taught to look upon the institution of slavery as being one great gigantic horror—the midnight of a nation's experience. But investigation reveals the fact that the institution of slavery itself abounded in virtues as well as horrors; virtues in the many restraining influences, with which it surrounded those held victims.

It is true these influences were directed in such a way as to stamp out of them all the confidence that they might have had in one another and thereby leave them a dependent, helpless and non-progressive people. The great mass of Negroes lived in their cabins and had their lives and pleasures regulated by rules governing the institution under which they were held, which naturally resulted in abject dependence on the part of the field-hand class upon the white man for, not only their living, but for everything that called for thought, self-reliance, or original genius. For this class tasks were assigned, their course in life mapped out, and their steps from the cradle to the grave measured and marked out for them, which left them as mere automatic beings to follow out, without thought on their part, life-plans made to the liking of the master. As human nature transmits from one generation to another its weaknesses with as much accuracy as it does its specie, it is but natural that such training would leave its impress, and give to us to-day a large class wholly incapable of thinking for themselves or properly planning out their own way without the aid of coercive and directing influences. This dependent state of affairs on the part of such a large element of people naturally called for disciplinarian influences, which abounded in the rules governing slavery. The fact that jails and prisons were not needed in those days to control and hold in check this element of weakened humanity, will suggest to us the degree of influence that must have been brought into play as a means of controlling and governing them. As a rule the slave had to secure a pass from his master before

leaving his plantation, and had to return at a given time. This prevented his hanging around gambling dens, saloons and questionable places from week to week.

Upon the removal of the institution of slavery from the pages of history, these restraining influences were removed at the same time from around these people, and they were allowed to flock into the lower walks of life by thousands. As only the gold in humanity could survive the dehumanizing effects of slavery, it is but natural that there would be left to fall of their own weight the dross and dregs. To accommodate this element the gateway to degradation opened wide and saloons sprang up as if by magic, and thousands and tens of thousands flocked into the haunts of vice and crime.

We have gone into these miserable dens at one, two and three o'clock in the morning and there found Negroes like sardines, on sawdust floors, surrounded with influences as vile as is possible to conceive of. Place any young man or woman under such influences and in five years they would either be dead or criminals. These influences, as will be seen, have naturally given rise to a class of Negro criminals to-day that the world knew nothing of in the days of slavery. There are five hundred thousand Negroes of this element to-day who have not slept in a bed—we dare say—for five years; their beds are sawdust floors in vile dens which are kept open night and day to accommodate them. As will be seen, this element cannot be reached by home, church or school influences.

In many sections of the rural districts of the south we found thousands of Negroes who had never and have not until this day heard an intelligent gospel sermon. They know but little of God in His purity. This is due to the fact that immediately after emancipation any one who would say that the Lord had called him to preach was accepted as a religious leader. The ignorance of the masses caused them to attach supernatural importance to such calls and ac-

cept all of their teachings thereafter as coming from God. In their ignorance and benighted intellectual condition these men have preached all kinds of false doctrines, such as conjurism and gooferism—no harm for God's lambs to play together, once converted, never lost, etc., etc. The first doctrine has caused the people to attach more importance to the conjuror than to God. The second doctrine is a breeder of immorality and licentiousness. The doctrine of "once converted, never lost," causes them to think that conversion is equivalent to salvation, regardless of the life the individual led thereafter. It will not be hard for the reader to determine the actual state of affairs that such would lead to. From experience we know that these people cannot be reached through a denominational effort. If as Baptists you attempt to reach and deal with their condition the Methodists would array themselves against you, and if as Methodists the same would be true of the Baptists, etc. We found it necessary to provide a secret degree to our educational movement with pass-words, grip, signal, signs and brass buttons in order to reach and enter the hearts of these people and unite their forces and direct them to higher planes of living. In doing this a ritualistic ceremony—equivalent to an intelligent church service has been prepared, taken entirely from the Bible, which must be observed before they can open their order. In this we leave the "Word of God, as a two edged sword to divide truth from error" in the hearts of these simple-minded people.

We found fully half of the colored people in the rural districts of the south also living under a system of slavery as absolute in its general control over them as was the former system, and in many respects more unjust and inhumane. This system of human slavery is legalized under the subterfuge of a "Bill of Sale and Mortgage System."

One hundred million dollars given to the best colleges in America would do but little, if anything, in reaching the criminal class of Negroes.

From their erroneous ideas, criminal habits and depravity, arise nearly all our racial troubles. The racial problem of to-day then, does not exist so much in what class of education shall be given the aspiring class of Negroes, as by what means this weakened class of humanity can be reached and held in check.

The gold in humanity that survived the dehumanizing effects of slavery is found in the thousands of industrious, honest and aspiring Negroes who have struggled hard and continuously since their emancipation to reach higher planes of civilization and human attainments. Yet, to-day—forty years after their emancipation, this class find their life-burdens increased, their progress thwarted and their sunshine beclouded by the effects of the erroneous idea of life entertained by the lower element.

This is due partially to our inability to lead to higher planes this element of our race who are constantly bringing upon us the ills complained of, together with the fact that the better element of our race are held responsible and blamed for the acts of this element. All other nationalities have their criminal element and the better class are not held responsible for their crimes or lives. The Negro alone is held responsible for the bad actions of all his specie.

While in the South we discovered the existence of a secret society, the outgrowth of the Klu Klucks organization that was so prevalent immediately after press the cause that was lost to the south on the battle-field. Its method of operation has been to gather statistics of emancipation, which has had for its object the regaining through the public world as the Negro's contribution to crimes committed by the lower element of Negroes and herald them to the civilization.

By constantly reading of the degradation and crimes of this element, the sympathies heretofore entertained by the better class of the dominant race for the colored people as a whole, have to a very marked degree been destroyed. This is true to the extent that human lives and human rights are to-day being

taken with impunity without hardly a protest from the great and good heart of American civilization. Fifty thousand Negro lives have been sacrificed at the hands of "Mobs and Lynching bees" since emancipation. Many of the rights common to citizenship, as far as the Negro's exercise and enjoyment of them are concerned, are being abridged and denied him. This is not due to innate racial antipathy or prejudice, as the primary cause, as much as it is to conditions on the part of the Negro himself that give rise to prejudice and racial antipathy. Therefore, before there can come any solution to this vexed problem these conditions must be reached and bettered. In the first place, coercive and restraining influences must be substituted to-day for the restraining influences removed from around these people at the time of their emancipation.

The only people to-day who possess restraining influences necessary to reach and hold in check this weak and reckless class of Negroes are the employing class of the dominant race. This is true first, because most of the employment given to colored people is given by this class.

Secondly, because of the fact that the inherent training of these people has caused them to look to the white man for guidance and control. A large and growing element of Negroes really believe that freedom means for them to do just as they please, with no one to speak to them or wield any controlling influences over them but the white people by whom they are employed. This, together with the fact that as a rule the employing class of white people do not come in touch with the servant class of colored people beyond the time that they are in actual employment, leave them to do as they please without the restraint of proper influences—such as they will recognize—which contributes largely to the conditions complained of. This, when taken into consideration with the fact that to-day the sting of oppression is driving out of the South a large number of colored people who come into the North dependent upon

the employing class of white people for work will suggest the absolute necessity of surrounding these people with restraining influences that will enable the leaders of the race to raise them to higher and nobler planes of life. Again, on account of the higher avenues of employment being practically closed to the colored people a great many are beginning to think that prejudice against them is the cause, and that the hand of the white man and woman is against them. This feeling among our people is causing many of them to become discouraged, and is responsible for the increasing recklessness on the part of a very large class of our young people. Another cause for the increasing recklessness among the servant class of our race is found in the fact that as a rule no place of resort is afforded our young people where they can gather when out of employment, or off for an afternoon when employed, where social intercourse can be enjoyed under wholesome and educative influences. On the other hand, the low and questionable places are freely opened to them, where many of them go, not with impure motives, but purely to seek social intercourse which cannot be found on higher planes. This phase is becoming alarming, as our young people are flocking from under the influences of our Sunday schools and churches. We purpose remedying the evil by making the headquarters of the Loyal Legion of Labor in every city answer for reading rooms, social clubs, and as an educational center. The quarters are under the control of the national organization, and will be conducted with the utmost care and rigid disciplinarian influences. Upon the payment of five dollars any person will be recorded as a co-operator in this movement, and when in need of help will have only to telephone to, or call on the secretary of the council, who will recommend competent and reliable help without cost.

Many other phases of racial life and conditions in this country to-day are as grave and important as those mentioned which time and space will not permit us

mentioning and which can only be reached and bettered by a consistent and intelligent co-operation between the employing class of white people and some organized effort on the part of the colored people themselves, established with a view of dealing with these particular phases of racial life.

The Loyal Legion of Labor, with a full knowledge of racial conditions and the causes to be dealt with in bettering them, is now submitted as a course of action mapped out for the purpose of dealing with the many phases of the so-called race problem, and is intended to correct the many evils now complained of. First—evils among the colored people themselves which when removed will remove the cause of many racial ills from without. It is strictly non-partisan and undenominational. It is first educative and religious. A national education and publishing board is supported with a board of directors acting in conjunction with it in every county. Through these boards the proper education of the colored people on matters of life, together with their relation and duty to the dominant race with whom they live, will be made a special feature in every community.

The second is a national emigration and industrial board. Through this department of the organization's work the purpose will be to prevent the reckless flocking from the southern states of that element of the race now giving rise to present racial troubles, who flock into communities in the North where they are not known, and where by crowding the homes of the dominant race as servants, etc., they naturally create prejudice and racial trouble by their recklessness and erroneous ideas of living. To this end through the industrial board, competent and deserving people will be recommended for employment to those of the employing class who will co-operate with the race in its effort to solve this vexed problem. This becomes absolutely necessary, for the reason that to-day a large element of Negroes are being driven by the sting of oppression from their former haunts and evil dens,

and are flocking from the South to the North. At the same time, there are coming many bright, energetic and trustworthy people who are entitled to the sympathies and recognition of the dominant race. This phase of the work is made practical in every community by a local board through whom competent and trustworthy persons will be recommended for employment. The third is a national, legal and protective board, through which the matter of protecting the colored race against those who would take from them their rights and privileges contrary to the constitution of the United States, is reduced to a business system. One leading attorney from each state is selected as a member of the national legal council, whose duty it is to prepare carefully a course of action from a legal point of view, suited to present conditions, in dealing with matters affecting the rights of the colored people. Upon call of the Attorney General, the national council will assemble and map out a course of action to be carried out by the organization in general to protect the colored people, particularly in that section of our country where their rights and privileges are being unlawfully denied them. This work is endorsed by many of the leading men of both races as being a plain, practical and intelligent solution for the race problem. Mr. Andrew Carnegie offers \$25,000 to the work, conditioned upon the organization raising \$25,000 to offset his gift. The old Female College property at Hillsboro, O., valued at over \$50,000, has been offered as national headquarters, conditioned upon our being able to properly equip and operate it under the plan submitted.

THE PLAN OF OPERATION.

The States have been divided into districts consisting of one county to a district, in each of which a General District Council will be established. Twenty-five substantial and loyal persons are selected as council members, from whom are elected an advisory council composed of nine members who make up

the officary of the local organization. These nine officers are divided into the Three Boards of Directors, through whom the work of the organization is transacted and submitted for general approval to the Council. The membership fee is one dollar, with no monthly or quarterly dues or assessments. Two members from each district council are members of the Supreme, through whom the entire work of the organiza-

tion is conducted and carried on. The National Educational and Publishing Board provides all literature free of cost to members for their membership fee, and pays all local expenses in carrying on the work in the several districts. "The Colored American Magazine" will from now on be included in the literature provided members of the organization, without additional cost.

(See Advertising Pages.)

FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

THE FALL OF JERICO.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

Joshua, the son of Nun, leader of the host, and now by the death of Moses, ruler of Israel, stood by the door of his tent, under the beetling cliffs of Pisgah; and saw afar westward beyond Jordan the golden glow which fell from the descending sun, over the promised land. Afar off, the white walls of Jericho, the strong and invincible Fortress; the wealthy and beautiful "City of Palm-trees" shone golden-white amid feathery fronds, vineyards heavy with purple clusters; orchards bending under their fruitage of citron, peach and almond, and "fields already white unto harvest." Hamlet, village, wayside shrine and farmstead, dotted the valleys and hillsides, and along the highways beyond Jordan, war-chariots, bodies of horsemen and batallions and guards of infantry, waited at the fords, and moved from village to village of the threatened land, as the fears of its rulers, located, now here, and now there, the objective point of the Jewish invasion.

Around him, in the fertile plains of Moab, along the swelling slopes of Nebo, and the eastern valley of the flooded Jordan, his people steadily moving northward had already made many permanent settlements, and massed

themselves close to that ancient ford, over which almost five centuries before, Abraham of Ur had crossed into that Canaan whither his fierce and almost innumerable descendants were about to return.

Joshua's four-score and six years sat as lightly on him as the inlaid helmet which protected his stately head, or the glistening mail which fenced his broad breast against arrow-flight, and thrust of spear and sword. Above him waved the lion-standard of Judah, and near at hand, the guardians and bearers of the silver trumpets awaited patiently the will of their leader, ready to summon the congregation to the worship of Jehovah, the teachings of His law, or to resume the resistless progress of his vengeance on the nations of Canaan.

All the memories of his life, all the weird traditions of his tribe and race; all the associations which linked a god-head's covenant with the destinies of long-departed ancestors, the devoted warriors and princes of the Exodus, his own hopes and ambitions and those of his serried legions came thronging upon him at that hour. Thus had Moses also forty years before surveyed from afar the gates of conquest, and the passes through which his divinely-led

people might well have passed into their heritage.

"When, O Lord," he murmured, "wilt thou quiet Jordan within his banks? or when wilt thou say unto us in very sooth, 'Gather, O Israel. Pass over into that land; destroy the people thereof and possess it?'"

Then came unto him that unnameably sacred voice of the Spirit of God, which for the first time recognized his devotion and leadership and set him apart from humanity as one of Jehovah's chosen servants and leaders of men forever. "Now that Moses my servant is dead," thrilled the voice supernal, "Arise, and lead this my people over Jordan unto the land which I am giving unto them; even unto the children of that Israel, whom I called 'a prince of God,' beside the brook Jabbok, because he had power with men and with God, and had prevailed.

"For as I said unto Moses, every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon that have I given unto you. The desert wilderness ye have left behind, the crest of the Lebanon ranges; the banks of the mighty river Euphrates and the lands of the Hittites along the great western sea, shall be the borders of your possessions.

"Never, in all thy life days shall mortal man be able to stand before thee in battle or council; for as I was with Moses, I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

"Be strong and of good courage; for unto this my people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land which I swore unto their fathers to give them.

"Only be thou very strong and courageous to observe all the law, to do all that Moses my servant commanded thee. Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

"This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate thereon day and night that thou mayest learn to do all that is directed therein; for thus doing thou shalt make thy ways prosperous, and overcome in all thy undertakings.

"Be strong and of a good courage, for have not I commanded thee? Be not afraid, nor in any wise dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

The voice was silent, the vision faded, and Joshua turned from rapt contemplation of the near heritage; and the precious commands and counsel of the Lord Eternal, to present duty.

"Sound the trumpets for the assembly of the Elders," he said briefly. The fierce, keen trumpet-call rang through the valley, and the elders and princes of the tribes came in in haste from that great host. Some on fiery steeds, riding in full armor, with attendant horsemen; some on smooth-paced asses with gay caparisons and jingling bells; some on velvet-padded, lean, enduring heeries of the desert; some on foot, girding up mighty loins as they ran from afar; others with dignified step, becoming men of eld. So gathered the great assembly.

Brief and simple was the order of Joshua to his officers and fellow-princes: "Pass ye through the host, and command the people saying, 'Prepare you victual for the march and battle. For within three days ye shall pass over Jordan to possess the land which the Lord your God hath given you to possess it.'"

Without question or excuse officer and leader went forth to make known the order for march and battle throughout the host. This was no longer the lawless, repining, mutinous, impulsive horde, which could never be made an effective and reliable force in the hands of Moses. The men of that generation had wasted in childish lusts and petty jealousies, their lives and the special favor of Jehovah, and died under his chastisements that their children might not forever wander, houseless and homeless, in the wilderness. Now every man knew his place and duty, and all went cheerfully and confidently about the task assigned them.

But late that evening, Joshua gazed anxiously upon the blackening torrent below him, for Jordan in flood swirled

raging down mid-channel, and flooded canebrake and meadow for many a rod on either side. A trusted captain of an hundred stood before him, and told of two men of Benjamin who as spies had sought to penetrate the land beyond the river.

"They have been gone four days," said the young man, sadly. "They swam across in the night, borne up by inflated skins, as men are wont to swim across the great river Euphrates. Bela and Ahiram were they right, grandsons of princes of Benjamin, and stout men of their hands."

"I have seen them in battle, O Zerah," said Joshua, gravely. "What said they of their plans when they had crossed?"

"They were garbed like men of Amalek, who had taken refuge and sojourned in Moab, even such as we slew in Heshbon. They carried a coal of fire in a reed and showed its glow from the cover of a cane-brake on the other side. Little said they of their plans, save that they hoped to enter Jericho. God grant that they be not impaled or crucified by now, sent alive through the fire to Baal, or broken limb by limb, before the walls of Jericho."

"Fear not for them, O Zerah," said Joshua calmly, "although these and stranger tortures may well be the lot of many sons of Israel, before all is done, and if He wills it must be endured in the service of the Most High. But these, even now come up from Jordan, having escaped but hardly from the pursuit and vengeance of the idolators. They come hastily, seeking entrance here. See that they are brought hither and speedily."

Even as he had said, came Bela and Ahiram up to the court of guard, drenched, panting, anhungered, hollow-eyed, and worn out with the dangers and hardships of their quest. Strange was their tale, and Joshua listened thereto with kindling eyes, for he was of a great and kindly heart, albeit called of God to be the scourge of nations lost beyond redemption in cruel idolatries and nameless abominations.

"We came with little trouble," said

Bela, "through the flooded meadows and swamps, and sped across pastures and corn-lands, going to the westward of the city, and before daylight came into a highway thronged with people going into Jericho to remain during the siege. Among these, we entered the city, answering all questions in the tongue of the Amalekites, many of whom we saw among the horsemen encamped about the city. Of this matter it is fitting our mission, first to say that no great army hath been gathered, such as in a stricken field, might hope to bar the way between us and the City of Palm-trees. A great gathering there is of light horsemen and a few chariots, but these will only hang upon our flanks and rear, in advance or retreat. The garrison is large and confident in their walls, which are lofty and thick beyond measure. Wells of living water have they and great store of food and weapons, but the fear of the God of Israel hath eaten into their hearts."

"It is well and soldierly done, O Bela," said Joshua warmly, "that you tell of your errand and the lessons learned, and not of your own perils. Nevertheless, tell us how that ye escaped to warn us of these things."

"Know then," said Bela, "that we were told by an Amalekite that one Rahab, whose house stood near upon the city walls, received travellers into her house. So we sought there food and rest, but found that she was of unchaste life, and under our law doomed to destruction. Wherefore I being mindful of the law, would have sought another house, but she being of quick understanding, and a woman most noble of heart, said unto me, "Go not, I pray thee, O princes of Israel, for elsewhere ye may in no wise carry your lives away; neither can ye hope to find an hostess who lieth not under your reproach, since in this land the chastity of woman is sacrificed unto our gods, neither is it honored of men."

"Therefore eat and rest until the going down of the sun, and then return unto your own people; for I desire not your deaths, neither may I aid you to

destroy my own father's house and the city and land wherein I was born and have lived unto this day."

"Thereupon we deemed our case desperate if she could not be trusted, but even as we talked, there came hastily along the ramparts a part of the king's guard with weapons bared and torches flaming, for it had been told the king of Jericho: 'Behold there came in thither to-night men of the children of Israel to search out the country.'

"Then this Rahab took us to the roof of her house, no man seeing us, and the roof was covered with stalks of flax, which she had laid in order thereon, a part whereof she removed and bade us lie down in its place, covering us therewith.

"But as this was done the blows of spear-shaft and sword-hilt beat upon the door, and a stern voice called unto our saviour, 'Rahab! Rahab! Open in the name of the king!' She, throwing open her casement, with disordered dress like one waking out of her first sleep, cried, with laughing eyes unto the officers, 'How? What? In what can I serve or pleasure my lord the king?'

"Then said the captain, 'In this matter O Rahab, the comely, Bring forth unto us the two men in Amalekitish garb that came unto thee this night, and lodged within thy house, for they are spies.'

"Then said Rahab, and her voice was like the cooing of a dove when the warm spring sun is shining in the east, 'Surely my lord, such men came to my house last night, but I knew not whom and whence they were. And when it was dusk, about the time of the shutting of the great gates, the men went out, and whither I wot not. Pursue these spies quickly, and surely ye shall overtake them.'

"Then the king's guardsmen, believing her, took horse and following the ways to the Jordan and its fords pursued after us, and when they were gone out, the great gates were shut, and search made within the city; whereof Rahab the harlot told us, when after some time she came up to us upon the roof holding a strong scarlet cord in her

hand. Then said she, 'Lie down now and rest yet a little while, for ye are weary, and many people of the garrison and citizens are still awake and watchful. Here also is food and wine, for ye have yet many hours of hardship and peril before you ere ye can return whence ye came.' Wherefore we ate bread and drank wine and slept as she had said. But at midnight, when the mists were heavy in the low grounds, and the new moon had set, Rahab came again unto us and said unto us, by turns weeping softly and speaking nobly and wisely the while:

"I know that the Lord whom ye serve hath given you this our land, for the terror of your coming hath fallen upon us, and all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you.

"For we have heard how the Lord dried up for you the waters of the Red Sea when ye came up out of Egypt, and what ye did unto Sihon and Og, the two kings of the Amorites on the other side of Jordan, whom ye utterly destroyed. And as soon as we had heard these things, our hearts melted, neither did there remain any courage in any man because of you; for the Lord your God he is God in heaven above and earth beneath, and the gods we have served are powerless before him.

"Now, therefore, I beseech you, since I have shown you kindness, swear unto me by the Lord whom you serve, that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house and give me a sure token thereof; and that ye will save alive in the day of your victory my father and mother and my brethren and sisters with all that they have and deliver our lives from the death that impends.

"Wherefore I answered her, O Joshua, 'Our lives for thine, if ye give no report of this our errand. Also it shall be, that when the Lord hath indeed given us this land, that we will deal truly and kindly with thee.'

"Then Rahab let down the great scarlet cord and made it fast to a beam of the roof, and said unto us, 'Get you gone, quickly and warily, and flee unto yonder mountain lest your pursuers

meet you in the highways, and remain thereon at least three days, until ye see your pursuers are returned into the city, and then ye may return unto your people. Take now bread and wine, as much as ye may carry, and be gone.'

"Then said I, both for myself, and for Ahiram who stood by me, and for thee, O Joshua, if in thy heart thou believest that this Rahab hath shown faith in our Lord, and a great kindness unto our people: 'We would be blameless, O Rahab, in the matter of thine oath which thou hast made us swear, Behold when we are come into this thy land, and besiege this city, thou shalt bind this rope of scarlet thread in the window from whence we descended; and thou shalt bring thy father and thy mother, and brethren and all thy father's household home unto thee.

"'And whosoever of all these thy people shall go into the streets, his blood shall be upon his own head, and we will be guiltless: and whosoever shall be with thee in the house, his blood shall be on our heads, if any one slay or wound him. And if thou make known this our errand hither, then we shall be quit of thine oath which thou hast made us swear.'

"Then answered Rahab, 'According to your words, so let it be;' and kissing our hands she sent us away; and we went through the darkness across highways and farmsteads to that mountain whereon we lay hidden for three days, for we saw many horsemen scouring every highway and byway until three days were overpast.

"But on the third day we saw these returning into the city, and the ways clear of any but a few guards, who watched the fords of Jordan. So we descended from the mountain, and hid ourselves in the reeds until nightfall. Then we crossed as we came, and have told you all things that have come to pass. Nevertheless this must be said again: Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; for all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us."

Then said Joshua, "Ye have well

done. Get you to your tents and your people, and be refreshed."

And on the next day, Joshua removed the camp unto the fords of Jordan and lodged there for some days.

And on the third day Joshua said unto the people, "Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

And on the morrow Joshua said unto the priests, "Take up the ark of the covenant and pass over before the people," and they did so. And Joshua commanded the priests that bore the ark of the covenant, "When ye have come to the brink of the river, ye shall stand still in Jordan," and they did so.

And Joshua said unto the people of Israel, "Follow after the ark, leaving a space between it and your files of two thousand cubits. Listen also to the words of the Lord your God, this day, "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you, and that He will without fail drive out from before you the Canaanites and the Hittites, the Hivites and the Perizzites, the Girgashites, the Amorites and the Jebusites.

"Behold the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth, passeth over before you into Jordan. Now, therefore, choose ye twelve men out of your tribes, out of every tribe a man, and let them remain on this side Jordan. And it shall come to pass that as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that they shall be cut off from the waters that came down from above; and shall stand as a wall above the ford."

And as Joshua had said, the waters of Jordan were divided by the feet of those who bore the ark, and were backed up as in a heap far beyond the city of Adam which is beside Zaretan; and the lower waters failed and ran into the salt sea, so that the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood firm on dry ground.

And the warriors of Reuben and Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh to the number of forty thousand armed men of valor, marching five abreast in their

companies, passed over dryshod before the people of Israel, leaving their comrades to guard their new possessions east of Jordan with their wives and little ones, and all their cattle and household stuff. Even as they had promised Moses when he gave them the lands of Sihon and Og for a possession, that they should lead their brethren into that land, until they also had possessed their heritage, and found rest in the land.

Behind them marched the myriad thousands of Israel; loaded wagons and droves of camels innumerable; lowing herds and bleating flocks, while the priests stood motionless bearing up the Ark, beyond which the invisible hosts of heaven held back the mighty flood until all were passed over.

Then Joshua said unto the twelve chosen men, "Now pass ye over before the Ark of the Lord your God into the midst of Jordan, and take up from the bed thereof every man of you a stone upon his shoulder, that a man of each of the twelve tribes may choose a stone for his tribe.

"To be a sign among you in the days to come, that when the children ask their elders saying, 'What mean ye by these stones?' then ye shall answer and say: That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the Lord when ye passed over Jordan; and these stones shall be a memorial thereof unto Israel forever."

So then twelve chose each his stone out of the bed of Jordan, and carried it on his shoulder to the place of encampment in the plain of Jericho. And Joshua set up other twelve great stones in the midst of Jordan, at the place where the feet of the priests who bare the ark had stood; and these were a testimony unto men for many generations.

And when these things were done the Lord spake unto Joshua saying, "Command the priests that bear the ark of the testimony, that they come up out of Jordan." And it came to pass that when they were come up out of Jordan, upon dry land, that the waters of Jordan flowed back into their place and covered her banks as before.

And of those twelve stones which were taken up out of Jordan, did Joshua make an altar in Gilgal, and spake unto the people saying: "When in the after time your children shall ask their fathers: 'What mean these stones?' Then shall ye say unto them, 'Israel came over this river Jordan on dry land. For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over; even as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea in the days of Moses, that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty, and that ye might fear the Lord your God forever.'"

On that day, it is written the Lord magnified Joshua in the sight of all Israel; and they feared him as they feared Moses all the days of his life.

And when the kings of the Amorites on the western bank of the river Jordan, and the kings of the Canaanites which dwelt by the western sea, heard of these things and knew that the Lord had dried up the waters of Jordan from before the children of Israel until they were passed over dry shod, their hearts melted, neither had they any spirit any more to withstand the children of Israel.

And Israel abode at Gilgal, certain days, and there upon the fourteenth day of the first month they kept the passover, and did eat of the old corn of the land; on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes, and parched corn on the same day. And on the morrow the manna ceased after they had eaten of the old corn of the land, neither had the children of Israel manna any more, but they did eat of the fruits of Canaan that year, for they had entered into their heritage.

Now Jericho was encompassed round about by the children of Israel, so that none went out and none could go in, and as Joshua was making his rounds of the besieged city, he was aware of a tall and stately warrior who stood over against him with a drawn sword in his hand. Drawing his own blade, Joshua strode over against him and said, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?"

Then answered the stranger, "Nay!

but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, "What saith my Lord unto his servant?" And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And Joshua did so.

Then said the Lord unto Joshua, "See! I have given into thy hand Jericho with her king and all her mighty men of valor. For ye shall encompass the city with your men of war, and march around it once. Thus shalt thou do for six days. Seven priests shall go before the ark, bearing seven trumpets made of rams' horns, and on the seventh day ye shall encompass the city seven times and the priests shall blow their trumpets.

"And it shall come to pass that when they make a long blast and all the people shall hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout, and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall rush up into the city straight before them."

So Joshua called the priests and said unto them, "Take up the ark of the covenant and let seven priests each bear trumpets of rams' horns before it." And assembling the people he said unto them, "Pass on and encompass the city, and let the armed men precede the ark of the Lord. Ye shall not shout or make any noise with your mouth, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth until I bid you to shout; and then indeed ye shall shout."

Wherefore on the first day of the week, the seven priests sounding their trumpets marched around Jericho, with the armed men file on file and rank on rank, marching steadily without word or war cry before them. They were too far from the walls for arrows or javelin to wound or slay, and the fierce warriors of Jericho cursed them in the names of an hundred gods, and strove to break their unnatural silence with blasphemous and obscene insults and gestures of defiance and filthy insolence. At first the men only, clad in their armor of proof, showed themselves above the stout

parapets and flung their torrents of blasphemous spite against the levies of the living God. Soon the women joined the curious and angry crowd, and lastly the children also joined their shrill voices to the wordy clamor and shook their tiny fists at their strangely silent and undemonstrative besiegers. Vainly their mightiest archers strung their strongest bows and drew their longest arrows to the head; vainly the veteran slinger chose his smoothest leaden plummet, lengthened the strings of his favorite weapon, and sent his deadly missiles toward that grim and reticent array.

Once the mysterious procession marched around the city and then filed into their camps which guarded day and night held Jericho as in a band of steel.

Again on the second day, the people of Jericho from their impregnable ramparts saw their walls encircled by a like silent array and laughed to scorn the pitiful and childish ceremony, which sought to bring against impregnable Jericho a religious procession and the uncouth blare of a few rams' horns. Again, when the city had been once encircled, priest and warrior returned to their camps and the besieged turned again to their revelry and to the worship of their gods.

On the third day the Jewish leaguer was still unbroken and the anxious watchmen from town and temple reported no indications of advancing aid. Certainly the Israelites were going further and further afield with kine and sheep, and their cavalry kept such close watch that the Amalekites and Amorite horsemen seemed little inclined to attempt anything of moment against them. The petty insolences of the first day had given place to a bitterer hatred, underlain by a latent fear. There were whisperings of unfavorable omens; of an increasing number of human sacrifices, and in the temples of Baal and Ash-tarothe the frenzied extravagances of priest and worshipper had excited the contempt of some of the heathen themselves.

On the fourth, the fifth and the sixth day of the week, the same procession of grimly silent warriors, marching in perfect array and complete equipment and discipline to the rhythm of the priests' trumpets, had become an ever-present fear to the fierce but superstitious citizens of the city of Palmtrees. One or two scouts had found their way into the city from the outer world with strange and disquieting rumors. The Lord of the children of Israel had sent swarms of fierce hornets to the lands of warlike kings, and had depopulated whole districts, killing the old and infirm and the young and feeble of both man and beast and making life a burden to the strongest and most enduring. Also, it was openly said in the camp of Joshua that Jericho had been given into the hands of her enemies and to utter destruction.

On the seventh day, the children of Israel arose early, and encompassed the city as before, save that for six times the array encircled it in utter silence. And as they began to encircle it the seventh time Joshua spoke to the children of Israel as follows: "A seventh time ye shall encompass the city, and when ye have surrounded it ye shall halt and then turn your faces toward the city; and thereupon the priests shall blow upon their trumpets a long and mighty blast. And at that signal ye shall all shout aloud as with one voice, and charge home upon the city of Jericho, and ascend her ramparts, for the Lord hath given you this city.

"All the city, and everything therein shall be accursed in the name of the Lord; only Rahab the harlot, shall live, she and all that are with her, because she hid the messengers whom we sent. Therefore, remember, that ye in every wise withhold yourselves from the accursed thing, lest ye take thereof and make yourselves accursed and bring a curse and trouble upon the camp of Israel. Nevertheless all the silver and gold, and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated unto the Lord; they may come into the treasury of the Lord."

So the seventh circle was formed, and the children of Israel faced inward, with spears advanced, swords drawn,

and bows ready for instant action. Then around the ark of the Lord, a long, wild barbaric swell of trumpet-calls thrilled and rang like the battle-screams of an host of eagles. For a second there was utter silence, and then from half a million throats arose the terrible wacry of the children of the Living God. Even as they gazed upon each other the walls reeled and parted and fell outward to their very base; and up the broken breach the Israelites came charging, every man straight before him, and so took the city.

And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, old and young, ox and sheep and ass, with the edge of the sword. And they burned the city with fire, and all that was therein, only the silver and the gold, and the vessels of brass and iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the Lord.

But Joshua said unto the two young men that had spied out the country, "Go unto Rahab's house, and bring out thence the woman and all that she hath, as ye sware unto her." And they went in and brought out Rahab, and her father and mother and brethren and all that she had and brought out all her kindred and left them without the camp of Israel. So Joshua saved Rahab the harlot, alive, and her father's household and all that she had; and she dwelt in Israel, she and her kindred, from generation to generation; because she hid and saved the messengers whom Joshua sent to spy out Jericho.

And Joshua laid his curse upon the places of the City of Palmtrees saying, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and rebuildeth this city, Jericho; he shall lay his foundations in his firstborn son, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." Which curse was fulfilled in the evil days of Ahab the king, as it is written in the Book of the Kings. "In his days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho; he laid the foundations thereof in Abiram his firstborn and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

VII. EDUCATORS (*Continued*).

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

As we have said, one necessary condition of American slavery was ignorance. By the inexorable laws of Mississippi and South Carolina the Negro was doomed to hopeless moral and mental abasement.

In 1843, Mississippi ordered all free persons of color to remove from the State. There was, of course, no provisions allowed for the education of the Negro.

North Carolina allowed free persons of color school privileges until 1835, when they were abolished by law.

South Carolina allowed privileges of no kind, and only the most rigid and extreme laws prevailed; owing to the great demand for slave labor, thousands of unhappy blacks were imported, and the slave code reached the maximum of cruelty in that State.

On the contrary, in the Northern New England States—Maine and Vermont—slavery never existed at any time, and Negroes enjoyed the same privileges as did the Anglo-Saxon. New Hampshire possessed very few slaves at any time, and at an early period passed laws against their importation. There, also, education was free to all regardless of color.

Outside of this small section, efforts were made to establish institutions for the culture of colored youth, for years they failed signally; the tree of slavery "overshadowed the whole land, shedding its blighting influence on Northern as well as Southern hearts."

The condition of the Negroes in New York was about the same as in Virginia, although their privileges were more. They were admitted to member-

ship in the churches, and no law was passed against educational methods.

A school for Negro slaves was opened in New York in 1704, by Elias Nean, a native of France. The New York African Free School was founded in 1786, located between Beekman and Ferry Streets. After many struggles and vicissitudes, in 1815 a commodious brick building was erected, large enough to accommodate 200 pupils, and Miss Lucy Turpin took charge of the sewing with other branches. She was followed by Miss Mary Lincrum, Miss Eliza J. Cox, Miss Mary Ann Cox and Miss Caroline Roe, all of whom sustained the high character of the enterprise.

When General Lafayette visited the United States, he visited this school and examined the children in geography and other studies. He professed himself much pleased with the progress the children had made.

The New York schools advanced steadily, and in 1853 the colored schools of the Board of Education of New York City and County were established. The schools were graded, and Miss Caroline W. Simpson was made principal of Colored Grammar School, No. 3, and Miss Nancy Thomas principal of No. 4 (in Harlem).

From that time until the present, the advancement of the race in New York has been inspiring. The business men of the State are second to none in the country, leading the race in many instances. Along the lines of social and educational life we find the same cheering and refining; the schools among the best in the United States, embracing

NOTE.—See July issue of "Colored American Magazine" for life-sketch of Miss J. Imogen Howard, for thirty years a leading female educator in the New York schools.

teachers honored and respected for faithfulness and ability, culture and refinement.

In Puritan Massachusetts, a traffic in human beings was carried on for over a century. Thousands were sold; and the profit accruing from the sale of Negroes in all parts of the country laid the foundation of the wealth of many an old Massachusetts family. Slaves were classed as property, being valued as "horses and hogs." They were not allowed to bear arms nor be educated. The church, too, discriminated against them in every way.

But, although Massachusetts may commit a wrong, she is not persistent in evil when the public conscience is once aroused.

It was Judge Sewall, who delivered his warning words in 1700, to the New England colonies, cautioning them against slavery and the ill-treatment of Negroes in these words: "Forasmuch as Liberty is in real value next unto Life, none ought to part with it, but upon most mature consideration." People and slaves were aroused by this speech; sermons and essays continually excited the inhabitants. When the Revolution broke out and the war with England was on, the slaves fought in defence of the colonies, and thus by courage and patriotism loosened the chains of bondage in the North.

The first colored schools in Boston was held in the house of Primus Hall; the second, in the basement of the Belknap-Street church (St. Paul's Baptist church), and in 1835 a school-house was erected known as "Smith School-house" from the name of Abdiel Smith, who left a fund for that purpose. Added to this fund the city of Boston allowed two hundred dollars annually, and parents were charged twelve and one-half cents per week for each child.

William C. Nell, a well-known Negro agitator of Massachusetts, was instrumental in opening Boston schools to the Race, and in 1855, after a hard fight, in accordance with a law passed by the Legislature, colored schools were abolished.

The first colored teacher appointed in the mixed schools of Boston was Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Hon. J. J. Smith,—well-known as an abolitionist, and closely associated with Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Hayden, Nell and E. G. Walker.

Miss Smith was born in Boston on the old historic "hill," and educated at the "old Bowdoin school" on Myrtle St., graduating from the famous Girls' High School, of Boston. The Smith family is well and favorably known all over the country, having a large circle of friends and admirers in every city. One sister, Mrs. Adelaide Terry, is a well-known vocalist and teacher of music; another sister, Miss Florence Smith, is a successful teacher in the schools of Washington, D. C. Miss Harriet Smith, the youngest, is a valuable assistant of the Bowdoin school, Boston, Mass. The only brother is Mr. Hamilton Smith, of Washington, D. C. Miss Elizabeth was the eldest living child of this interesting family.

After graduation, Miss Smith taught in the South for a time, but was appointed to the Joy-Street school in 1870, where she remained four years. Retiring from this position, she was employed in the evening schools for a number of years, being re-appointed, finally, to a permanent position in the Sharpe school. While in the active performance of her duties there, looking forward hopefully, to holding the position of principal, by promotion, she died in the latter part of 1899, deeply regretted by friends and associates.

Miss Smith was a remarkably good woman, who easily won the love and respect of her associates—teachers, pupils and companions, by her quiet, unostentatious manner, and who used her wide influence among the young of both races for their elevation and advancement.

Most men and women of the African race who have become famous because of a talent above the ordinary, are content to draw their ancestry from our common father Adam, and their talent

from the bestower of all good things—our Creator. So it is with the subject of this school.

Miss Maria Louise Baldwin was born in Cambridge, Mass. Her parents were well-known and highly respected citizens of the "city across the Charles," who, like many other parents struggled hard to give their children all the advantages which parental love could bestow.

Miss Baldwin is the eldest of three children,—Miss Gertrude, her sister, has been for years a teacher in the public schools of Wilmington, Delaware; the only brother, Louis, is engaged in the real estate business at Cambridge, and has been very successful. He is a genial, popular man, much liked by his associates and business friends. Miss Baldwin's early education embraced the plain, straightforward curriculum of the New England public school,—passing from primary grade to grammar, to high, to training, imbibing grace of mind and body together with comprehensive Christianity and orderly deportment from her cultured teachers, many of them descendants of the best New England stock; acquiring depth of thought, activity in business and the value of method in all life's duties from this association.

Leaving a happy childhood behind her, the young girl entered upon the serious work of bread-winning very soon after graduation, at Chester County, Maryland, teaching there two terms. Active in mind and body, possessing great energy and executive ability, Miss Baldwin, in this probationary stage of her work, developed into a successful teacher.

In 1882 came the turning point in her life-work—she was appointed a teacher in the Cambridge public schools. This gave her the fulcrum, the one thing demanded by humanity—opportunity. Without this, aspiration and ability may be said to resemble "silent thunder;" youthful and unknown, deprived of opportunity, genius is baffled and sinks to earth never to realize its "noble aspirations." But upon her favorites For-

tune is wont to smile and give first place.

We give the story of Miss Baldwin's appointment as nearly as possible in her own words:

"I was given at first an 'overflow' class to teach, with the assurance that I would be kept while that class continued to be a necessity; I was, in short, a temporary teacher. Mr. Francis Coggs- well, superintendent of schools, said he could not tell how long I would stay, but the next year I was called to the same place, and was confirmed in my position by the Board.

The Louis Agazziz school is on Sacramento St., corner of Oxford St., and not far from the Agassiz Museum; it is in an aristocratic corner of Old Cambridge, and beneath the shadow of 'Fair Harvard's' wings.

"For seven years I taught in all the lower grades of the school, gaining thereby invaluable experience. In 1889, Miss Ewell, then the principal of the school, and greatly beloved, resigned in June, the resignation being kept secret until after vacation, and the school opened in September without a head, remaining so until the middle of October.

"One Friday Mr. Coggs- well asked me how I would like the position of principal. I immediately answered, 'Not at all.' 'Why?' he inquired. I replied, 'I am happier with the little children, and prefer to remain where I am. If I failed in the position you mention, it would be a conspicuous failure.'

'Saturday morning, Mr. Coggs- well called at my home, and sitting in this room where we are now, said, 'Miss Baldwin, you are neglecting an opportunity to show to Cambridge more than you have already done.' He added, 'The committee have every confidence in your executive ability and desire you to accept the place.'

"I was confused and somewhat dazed, and begged that he would give me until afternoon to decide. Directly he was gone I hastened to Miss Ewell's house and asked her advice. She said, 'I knew you would be asked and I want you to take it.'

"That afternoon I told Mr. Cogswell that I would accept for two weeks, and for thirteen years I have been principal of the school, being appointed in October, 1889. There are eight assistants and three hundred and fifteen pupils. In October, 1902, I round out twenty happy years spent in teaching in the public schools of Cambridge."

As a woman of letters, Miss Baldwin's career is full of interest. She is distinctly a product of to-day, in this pursuit.

The entire colored population was happily surprised and greatly cheered when it was announced that she was chosen to deliver the address on Harriet Beecher Stowe before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, February 22, 1897. It was a distinctive triumph, in which Miss Baldwin stood alone beneath the searching light of public curiosity, and, in some instances, we doubt not, incredulity, among the educated whites unacquainted with her ability. She arose to the occasion grandly and fulfilled our fondest hopes, covering herself and us with new honors. We do not hesitate to say that if she had distinguished herself in no other way save in compiling and delivering this lecture, her name would have gone down to posterity as a literary genius.

Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences originated as far back as 1823; it early assumed a notable place in the intellectual life of Brooklyn. In 1888, it was re-organized under Prof. Franklin W. Hooper, as director, and its past history, almost phenomenal in its brilliancy, is due to the tact and foresight of that gentleman.

It has to-day a splendid new Museum Building, 600 yearly lectures, 3,000 yearly classes and special meetings; its extension courses, its schools of art, its summer biological schools, its library, and its collections. Members of the Institute enjoy the precious privileges, and in addition to ordinary lectures, the Institute conducts special courses and entertainments. Thus, for example, the Boston Symphony concerts in Brooklyn are conducted under the auspices of its

department of music at low cost to the members. The Institute has twenty-seven departments, including anthropology, archaeology, architecture, astronomy, botany, chemistry, domestic science, electricity, engineering, entomology, fine arts, geography, geology, law, mathematics, microscopy, mineralogy, music, painting, pedagogy, philology, photography, physics, political science, psychology, sculpture, and zoology.

Augustus Graham, benefactor of the Institute, provided the fund that pays for the "Washington Anniversary," February 22, being set aside to commemorate the life of some great American. Washington, Garrison, Sumner, Curtis, Lowell, and others had been taken. The February following Mrs. Stowe's death she was the subject of commemoration,—the first woman to be so distinguished. The committee wrote to Miss Baldwin, and in "fear and trembling" she accepted the honor. For this lecture Miss Baldwin was paid one hundred dollars. Among the noted men who have been called to address the members of this Institute we mention a few: Mr. Russell Sturgis; Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell; Col. Thos. W. Higginson; Charles Kendall Adams, LL. D., of the University of Wisconsin; Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine.

Prof. Booker T. Washington lectures there in 1902.

The popularity of Miss Baldwin's lecture has been unparalleled from its first delivery. It has been repeatedly given by its talented author before associations and clubs of the highest literary repute; among them we may mention the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Cantabrigia Club, Cambridge; the Old South course of historic lectures; the Municipal Lecture Course, Boston.

In complexion, Miss Baldwin is a dark mulatto; features well-defined, and an intelligent and refined countenance; her figure is well developed, inclined to embonpoint; her head is round, the organs well-balanced, and about it is coiled black, silky hair, clustering in waves over the thoughtful brow. Upon the platform she is a pleasant picture, digni-

fied in her carriage and polished in her address; her full, softly modulated, contralto voice easily reaching the most distant corners of a hall.

We do not claim to number among our men of letters and public speakers a Tennyson or a Dickens, a Carlyle or a

tion which distinguishes easily between the polished achievements of inherited scholarly traits as defined by the masterpieces of fiction, scientific work or exquisite art creations of the Anglo-Saxon, and the ambitious strivings of our own people toward the same goals,—to this



Special photograph for The Colored American Magazine, by Delamater.

MADAME NELLIE CAREY REYNOLDS, HARTFORD, CONN. (See page 132.)

Hume, nor subtle diplomats of the Disraeli school, but by the lives of those men and women who have shown the slightest spark of the divine fire in the color of their life-work, we have proved our origin.

To the favored few among us who have enjoyed exceptional advantages of obtaining knowledge, and thereby cultivation, together with that nice percep-

class our efforts may seem pathetic, and altogether vain, but let us remember,—whether the window through which the glory of sunlight comes to us is circular, square or oval, or whether it be set in the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Gothic or the architecture of the lowly cabin of the South with its mud flooring, the form of the medium does not concern us, it is the light itself,

"As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

The Anglo-Saxon came not to his present state of perfection fully equipped; he is the product of centuries of constant practice in the arts and graces of educated civilization. If we go back a few centuries we find his ancestors described by Cæsar and Tacitus. Cæsar, writing home, said of the Britons, "They are the most degraded people I ever conquered." Cicero advised Atticus not to purchase slaves from Briton, "because," said he, "they cannot be taught music, and are the ugliest people I ever saw."

Macaulay says: "When the Britons first became known to the Tyrian mariners, they were little superior to the Sandwich Islanders" (meaning, of course, their most savage state).

Rome got her civilization from Greece; Greece borrowed hers from Egypt, thence she derived her science and beautiful mythology. Civilization descended the Nile and spread over the delta, as it came down from Thebes. Thebes was built and settled by the Ethiopians. As we ascend the Nile we come to Meroe the queen city of Ethiopia and the cradle of learning into which all Africa poured its caravans. So we trace the light of civilization from Ethiopia to Egypt, to Greece, to Rome, and thence diffusing its radiance over the entire world.

The query:—What is the best course for the Negro in education to mould him into a useful self-supporting citizen? has as many sides as a chameleon has shades—in whatever light we view it, fresh complications arise, and because of these very complications we ought not to utter a wholesale condemnation of our leaders and their opinions, neither should we utter harsh words of censure against the patriotic band of thinkers who stand jealously guarding the rights of the race from dangerous encroachment.

Twenty years hence we can better judge the motives of our leaders, for

Time is a true leveller; twenty years hence we can applaud with fervor the iron-hearted men who bar Oppression's way. Until then, let us exercise the virtue of charity that suffereth long and is kind; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. More and more are we led to say: "Events are God's, let Him sit at His own helm, that moderateth all."

In the careers of Miss Baldwin and our other New England teachers, the section has sustained its reputation.

Miss Baldwin is honored, respected and loved by all who know her. From pupils and parents she has always received the treatment that we delight to lavish upon those whom we love.

Intermarriage between Northern and Southern white families, the introduction of Southern teachers into the schools, and a natural feeling of kinship between the Northern and Southern Anglo-Saxon, may cause happenings in New England which smack of prejudice towards us as a race. But such things are as nothing when we remember that New England principles gave us a free Kansas way back in 1857; that New England blood was first shed in the streets of Baltimore when the tocsin of war sounded the call to save the Union; that New England cemented the Proclamation of Emancipation in the death of Col. Shaw; and, greater than all, stern New England Puritanism in the persons of Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Stearns, Whittier, Francis Jackson, and others, gave the black man the liberty that the South would deny even to-day, if possible; gave to the Negro all over this broad land his present prosperity, no matter how inconsiderable it may appear to us; gave us Douglass and Langston, Robert Elliott and Bruce, and Booker T. Washington, with his world-famous Tuskegee Institute.

May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning when I forget the benefits bestowed upon my persecuted race by noble-hearted New England.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

In summing up the political status of the bright galaxy of Afro-Americans in the South, we find that Henry Plummer Cheatham, of North Carolina, stands

Touched by that burning zeal to ascend, he resigned the office of Registrar of Deeds to enter the race for Congress in the second district of North Carolina.



HON. HENRY PLUMMER CHEATHAM.

preeminent. History recalls that orators are born—not made, exemplifying those traits even from youth.

The subject of this biography was an orator born, and to say that he has made himself a statesman, diplomat and one of the shrewdest and most conservative politicians in the South, would inadequately express his admirable qualities. He is a production of Show University and has the degrees of A.M., A.B., and L.L. D.

His first active service in public life was in his native county (Vance) where he was elected to the office of Registrar of Deeds and Clerk of the Court.

After a brilliant canvass, he was elected by an overwhelming majority; this he made his debut in our National House of Representatives, to pilot the interest of the whole people of his district, which he did with honor to himself and credit to his race. So ably did he guard the interests of his district that he was returned for the second term; and declined the third to accept the Recordership of the District of Columbia.

The manner in which he conducted this office was highly complimentary. A noted newspaper correspondent, writing from Washington to a leading journal, said in regard to the Recorder's Office:

"From a quaint little workshop the office has been turned into an up-to-date, modern office," and furthermore said, "that it was a rendezvous for men of high official life."

Mr. Cheatham possesses a rare business capacity, and his polished demeanor and ever courteous and diplomatic carriage makes him popular with all classes. It is generally conceded by the press, both white and colored, that Mr. Cheatham was the most popular and clever Afro-American office holder that ever graced the National Capitol. He was a very intimate friend of President McKinley, who considered him one of the most influential leaders of his race. After the death of President McKinley and the assumption of that office by Vice-President Roosevelt, he resigned the office of Recorder of Deeds. Before his departure from Washington, he was tendered a testimonial by his host of friends and admirers, and was the recipient of many valuable presents.

He is now domiciled in his neat and cozy home in his native State, reading law and taking a much needed rest from public life. He is the idol of his constituents, and commands the most profound respect of the white people in the State. We will venture the assertion that Henry Plummer Cheatham will again represent the second district of North Carolina in the National Congress.

Silas D. Johnson was born in Manalapan, N. J., in 1842, and was reared on the farm and in attending the public schools. He has always been possessed of a patriotic spirit, and when in 1863 troops were called for, Mr. Johnson enlisted in the 14th Rhode Island Regiment, Heavy Artillery—which was recruited in Providence. In 1864, while his regiment was encamped at English Bend, Miss., he contracted a severe cold which rendered him unfit for service, and he was honorably discharged and came to New York on the steamship "Continental" with part of the 9th Connecticut and 8th Vermont Regulars.

Mr. Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tinner and plumber with the well-known firm of Treadway & Warner, New Haven, Conn.; and for five years he was foreman of the mechanical department. He has had a long and varied experience in many business ventures, and to-day he owns several thousand dollars' worth of real estate and conducts a flourishing business at 46 Kearney Ave., Jersey City, N. J., in stoves, heaters, furnaces, etc., and numbers among his customers some of the wealthiest families on Jersey City Heights. Mr. Johnson believes in the highest possibilities of the race in business and the professions, and at once gave our magazine material encouragement.

Among the many lovely and accomplished women who grace the city of Hartford, Ct., there are none who in beauty and still rarer qualities of mind excel Madame Nellie Carey Reynolds (New England's favorite contralto). She was born in Hartford, Ct., July 17th, 1872. From childhood she has been noted for her sweet voice, and beauty. Her public career began in the South Baptist Church. She also sang in New Britain, Conn., in Rev. Payne's Church; and was a member of the Center Congregational Church choir several years, and is now a member of the Park Church choir. She is also talented in amateur opera work, and for many years has been a very important factor in all of the principle amateur plays that have been staged in various parts of the State, and is now staging the opera "Mikado" to be given at the Hyperna Theatre, New Haven, Conn. on June 2. She took the part of Katisha in "Pinafore" recently at Parson's Theatre, given for the National Sunshine Society, and made a decided hit. She has been in amateur opera work for over ten years, beginning when in school. She is also a member of the Ladies' Quartette. Her voice is seldom equalled and never surpassed. She assisted Madame E. Azalia Hackley when she sang at Jewell Hall last December, and received many encores. She has sung

for nearly every church of color in this city, and is esteemed by all who know her. She resides with her husband, Mr. F. P. Reynolds, at their beautiful home in Hartford.

For the past six years Atlanta University has conducted through its annual Negro Conferences a series of studies into certain aspects of the Negro prob-

Graduates of Atlanta, Fisk and Howard Universities, Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes and of many other schools have co-operated in this movement.

This year the Seventh Atlanta Negro Conference will meet May 27 at Atlanta University, and will take up the interesting subject of the Negro Artisan. There has been much discussion lately as to the Negro in mechanical industries, but few



SILAS D. JOHNSON, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(See page 132.)

lems. The results of these conferences put into pamphlet form and distributed at a nominal price have been widely used and quoted. The first investigation in 1896 took up the "Mortality of Negroes in Cities." The following years the studies were:

1897—Social and Physical Condition of Negroes in Cities. 1898—Some Efforts of Negroes for Social Betterment.—1899—The Negro in Business. 1900—The College-bred Negro.—1901.—The Negro Common School.

tangible facts. The census of 1890 gave 172,970 Negroes in the manufacturing and mechanical industries throughout the United States, but this includes many unskilled laborers and omits many artisans like miners and barbers. In detail there were the following skilled Negro laborers reported in 1890:

Negro Artisans in the United States, census of 1890: Carpenters, 22,318; barbers, 17,480; saw-mill operatives, 17,230; miners, 15,809; tobacco factory employees, 15,004; blacksmiths, 10,762;

brick-makers, 10,521; masons, 9,647; engineers and firemen, 7,662; dressmakers, 7,479; iron and steel workers, 5,790; shoemakers, 5,065; mill and factory operatives, 5,050; painters, 4,396; plasterers, 4,006; quarrymen, 3,198; coopers, 2,648; butchers, 2,510; wood-workers, 1,375; tailors, 1,280; stone-cutters, 1,279; leather-curriers, 1,099.

The figures for 1900 are not yet available, but they will show a great increase in all kinds.

The investigation by the Atlanta Conference includes a personal canvass of some 2,000 Negro artisans, a study of general conditions in three hundred different cities and towns, a canvass of all the international trades unions and local assemblies, and a study of the opinions of employers, and tabulated returns from industrial schools.

Probably this will prove the most thorough investigation of the kind ever undertaken. Especially will light be thrown on the attitude of the trades unions. There are in the United States ninety-eight National Unions. In thirty-four of these there are Negro members; but in most cases very few. Only ten unions have any considerable number, viz., barbers, 800; brick-workers, 200; carpenters and joiners, 1,000; carriage builders, 500; coopers, 200; stationary firemen, 2,700; painters, 169.

The cigar makers, iron and steel workers, and miners also have considerable numbers. So that we have: Unions with no Negro members, 64; Unions with a few Negro members, 24; Unions with a considerable number of Negro members, 10.

Nearly all the unions with no Negro members refuse to receive Negroes; some by open discrimination, as in the case of the locomotive engineers, locomotive firemen, electrical workers, and boiler-makers, while others exclude them silently. In some cases, like the curtain operatives and jewelry workers, no Negro workmen have applied, so that question is unsettled. In nearly all cases any local union has a right to refuse an applicant, so that a single Negro workman would stand small chance of admission. On the other hand, the Ameri-

can Federation of Labor, with which most of these organizations are affiliated has taken strong ground for fair play toward Negroes and the union movement has greatly extended among them in the last ten years.

Among the speakers at the Seventh Atlanta Conference where this question will be thoroughly discussed will be Mr. Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, President J. G. Merrill of Fisk University, Major R. R. Moton of Hampton Institute, Mr. William Benson of the Dixie Industrial Company, President Bumstead and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois of Atlanta, and a representative of the American Federation of Labor.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The American Missionary Association was formed in 1846. It is distinctively a Christian missionary society to spread the gospel of Christ wherever it has opportunity. It was organized with pronounced opposition to slavery, which then existed, and against all race and caste prejudice, which still exists. It was preceded by four recently established missionary organizations, which were subsequently merged into it. They were the Amistad Committee, the Union Missionary Society, the Committee for West India Missions among the recently emancipated slaves of Jamaica, and the Western Evangelical Missionary Society for work among the American Indians.

In the foreign field, in 1854, its laborers numbered seventy-nine, located in West Africa, Jamaica, the Sandwich Islands, Siam, Egypt among the Copts, Canada among the colored refugees and in North America among the Indians.

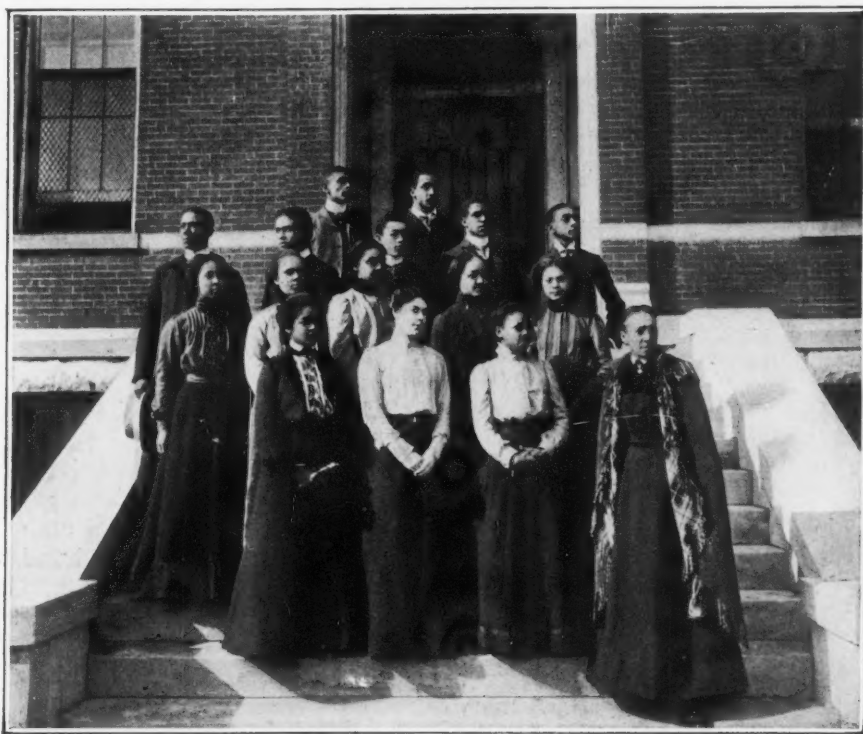
The home department embraced two distinct fields, the West and the South. There were 112 home missionaries employed by the Association in 1860, fifteen of them being located in the slave states and in Kansas.

The missions in the slave states gave rise to some of the most stirring events in the history of the Association, which has the distinction of beginning the first decided efforts, while slavery existed, to

organize churches and schools in the South on an avowedly anti-slavery basis.

The crisis so long impending came at length, and the Union armies, entering the South in 1861, opened the way for the instruction and elevation of the colored people. The Association felt itself providentially prepared to engage in this work, and the first systematic effort for their relief was made by it. Large numbers of "contrabands," or escaping fugi-

tionary Association rapidly extended its work. At Norfolk, the school of the previous year now numbered 1,200 pupils. Teachers were also sent to Newbern and Roanoke Island, N. C., to Beaufort, Hilton Head, St. Helena and Ladies' Island, S. C., and to St. Louis, Mo.; and its force was scattered over the field held by our armies in the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana,



FISKE UNIVERSITY SINGERS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE PRINCE HENRY.

tive slaves, were gathered at Fortress Munroe and Hampton, Va., and were homeless and destitute. The Association, on the 17th of September, 1861, established the first day-school among the freedmen. That little school laid the foundation for the Hampton Institute which the Association founded later, and was the forerunner of the hundreds that have followed.

The Proclamation of Emancipation, dated January 1, 1863, insured the permanent freedom of Negroes who reached the Union lines. The American Mis-

sonary Association rapidly extended its work. At Norfolk, the school of the previous year now numbered 1,200 pupils. Teachers were also sent to Newbern and Roanoke Island, N. C., to Beaufort, Hilton Head, St. Helena and Ladies' Island, S. C., and to St. Louis, Mo.; and its force was scattered over the field held by our armies in the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana,

Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas. It was during this very period that the beginnings were made for most of our permanent educational institutions. The Association must train the teachers and preachers for this people.

The Association now sustains as higher institutions, Fisk University, Tennessee; Talladega College, Alabama; Tougaloo University, Miss.; Straight University, Louisiana; Tillotson College, Texas, and J. S. Green College, Georgia, together with forty-three normal and

graded schools and thirty-two common schools scattered over the South and among the mountains, five schools among the Indians, twenty-one among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, one in Alaska and two in Porto Rico.

Theological departments also have been established in Howard University, Fisk University, Talladega College and Straight University. Industrial instruction first began in Southern mission schools in Talladega, Ala., and was early introduced into many of our schools and has been constantly extended. Talladega College and Tougaloo University have large farms. In all the larger institutions and normal schools mechanical arts are taught to the boys and household work, cooking, sewing, washing, nursing, etc., to the girls. From these schools go forth annually hundreds of well-qualified teachers and ministers.

Few persons have been more successful along educational lines than Miss Neta D. Rogers, Principal of the Garfield graded school, the talented and charming representative in this month's issue, of Raleigh, N. C., society, who is still young, and held in high esteem by her many acquaintances.

Miss Rogers certainly made no mistake in choosing her vocation, and during her seven years' experience as a teacher in one of the Raleigh graded schools, she has made rapid strides and now enjoys the distinction of being the only colored female principal in the city of four large colored graded schools.

As a rule, few persons are successful, who, having been educated at home, choose work at home, and make such rapid progress as is true in this case.

Miss Rogers converses well, and though talented and well educated, is modest and retiring, preferring home life to the gay society's whirl, and she does not fail to take an active interest in household duties.

Being musical, she spends her spare moments in constant application in that direction, and manipulates well the piano, but is more devoted to her violin.

Miss Alice Nugent of Louisville, Ky., is a graduate of the High School, and at present one of the teachers in that same institution.

Miss Nugent is a charming young woman, being possessed of talents of no mean rank.

She is a brilliant light in the circle in which she moves, and has done much toward the club movement among colored women in her city.

Shelbyville, Ind., is the only little city in the state, of 8,000 inhabitants, that has a colored fire department. Nothing has ever been said about it, but the city "dads" have the highest praise to say of their worthiness. The company was organized in 1884 with the following members: Frank Allen, captain; D. D. Hunter, president and second captain; Albert Johnson, Joshua and Joseph Hill, Manuel Montgomery, Lon Dennis, Samuel and Joseph Robinson.

Miss Lola Ford is the only colored lady embalmer and undertaker's assistant west of the Mississippi River. Her work in this line has given great satisfaction and the praises and compliments that come to her on every hand demonstrates her ability. She is employed in the firm of A. T. Moore & Co., the only colored undertaker between Kansas City and San Francisco. She is well up in all the arts of embalming, casket trimming, disinfectants and sanitary precautions, and by her sweet disposition and Christian grace brings consolation into homes which death has made desolate. Miss Ford is a native of Chicago, and after taking instructions in embalming and serving in the undertaking parlors of J. A. Parks of that city, came west to go into business for herself. Denver has reason to be proud of the fact that they have the only colored lady undertaker in the west.

NEGROES AS MINERS.

BY B. M. SPICER.

Being a reader and an admirer of your magazine, in the interest of the

Afro-American race, I think it would be of interest to write you what a few of us are doing in British Columbia. There are several of us working rich prospects of gold, silver and copper. Foremost of all is the "Clara Belle" which Samuel Le Grant and I own, he having acquired

ish Columbia. The claim is held under right of location and two thousand dollars' worth of work has been done on the property.

The claim is reached by a good wagon road with an easy grade within a mile of the claim.



MRS. LOUISE DE MORTIE.

(See THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, May, 1902, page 44)

one-third interest last June, at a nominal figure. The "Clara Belle" mineral claim, 1,500x1,500 feet is situated 7,000 feet above sea level and five miles from Granite Siding, a station on the line of the C. P. Railway between Robson and Nelson on the Nelson division of Brit-

There are four veins. No. 1 is six feet wide, carrying high gold and copper values. No. 2 is eight feet wide, carrying a small percentage of Chalcopryrite and gold. Nos. 3 and 4, free milling or silicious rock. They are contact veins between a slate and schist hanging wall

and a lime stone foot wall. The strike is northwest and southeast. The vein filling consists chiefly of quartz highly mineralized with iron pyrites and chalcopyrites carrying values in gold and copper. Considerable work has been done in opening up the property. There are two tunnels, one being twenty-five feet long, and two shafts fourteen and sixteen feet in depth. The assays show values

quite flattering from 10 per cent to 33 per cent copper and \$2.00 to \$8.00 in gold of 2,000 pounds. Adjoining the "Clara Belle" are the "Sunrise" and "Referendum" properties which are being developed and a mill is being erected on the "Referendum."

There is an abundant supply of timber on the "Clara Belle" and an ample supply of water within one thousand feet.

TRUE NOBILITY.

ALBERT A. TENNANT.

As long as the three great problems which Victor Hugo mentions, of the age — the problem of every age, the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night, are unsolved; as long as

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"

the presentation of a subject of this kind may not be in vain.

All ages have admired nobility. Poets have sung and historians have recorded with glowing admiration the noble examples of self-sacrifice and love—both of kings on the field of battle and peasants in the lowliest walks of life.

Of these the young have read with throbbing breast and heroic resolutions to become true and noble; the old have meditated on them with tears.

We see illustrious men, of every period in history, rise from the daily conflict of greedy selfishness and low ambition like bright luminaries that shed their radiant light on a dark and struggling world, illumining and warming the hearts of men, impelling them to generous and lofty actions and restraining them from selfish and evil deeds.

True nobility seldom accompanies the pomp and pageantry of monarchs; seldom is it cradled in palaces decorated

with rich furniture, ornamented with the choicest works of art and embellished with an abundance of gold. But it often rises out of obscurity, from among the sons of toil, surmounting misfortunes and difficulties, unnoticed except by the few who enjoy the magnanimity of its unselfish spirit. The aim of truly great men is to mould character. With the rough and scanty material at their command they toil incessantly. The arduous tasks teach courage and the humble surroundings sympathy—these form an ideal character on which, alone, true nobility rests.

The phrase, true nobility, comprehends so many virtues, such as self-sacrifice, courage and sympathy, that it cannot be defined. It must be felt rather than understood. One of the most chivalrous examples of self-sacrifice belongs to the fourteenth century. When Duke Leopold crossed the Alps into Switzerland, with his strong Austrian army, he was confronted by a small band of heroic patriots struggling for liberty. The Austrians formed into solid phalanx. The little band made an impetuous charge on their invincible oppressors. They were repulsed with severe loss, while the unbroken and impenetrable wall of steel threatened them with destruction. To advance was death; a retreat made them slaves. While they stood confounded, a heroic peasant

stepped from their midst with a gleam of hope flashing across his bright countenance. "I'll make a way for you, comrades," cried he, "take care of my wife and children!" As these words left his lips, he ran to the wall of bristling lances

Arnold of Winkleried, but far more beautiful is the monument of love erected in the hearts of his countrymen.

The pages of history are replete with examples of true nobility. The period of chivalry, when men championed right



B. M. SPICER, ROSSLAND, B. C. (See page 136.)

gathered a dozen in his grasp, buried them in his gallant breast, and with his weight bore them to the earth. His brave companions rushed across his bleeding corpse through the breach thus made, defeated the Austrians with tremendous slaughter,—and Switzerland is free. A beautiful monument has been dedicated to the honor and memory of

and battled with wrong, because they saw it was noble and incumbent on their manhood, illumines the dark ages. In this age lived and died the true exponent of chivalry, that flower of manhood, whose name is dear to all Englishmen. He was not a great general or perfect scholar, but he held a fond place in memory, because he had a truly noble char-

acter. The battle of Zutphen was not a great, not a decisive battle like that of Waterloo; but it has become renowned through the generous act of Sir Philip Sidney, who, lying mortally wounded amidst the din and roar of battle, took a cup of water from which he was about to drink, handed it to a private soldier, with the memorable words, "Thy need is yet greater than mine."

But we need not go to another nation. The truest examples of devotion, patriotism and beautiful character are found in our own history and on our own soil. Neither the story of Winkleried nor that of Philip Sidney surpasses the life of him whose last words were, "I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country."

The noble patriots, whose voices rang for freedom, breathe to us the loftiest sentiments that ever swelled in the breasts of men. No other man has attained a higher place in the affections of a people than the founder of this republic.

We venerate him who guided the nation through the storms of civil war, and we, an inseparable nation, bowed with reverence at the unveiling of that great general's monument, which shall stand as long as the nation.

But we need not go to history. The Altruistic spirit of chivalry has come down to us, through the centuries, with augmented power. It pervades whole nations. We have just witnessed in the Orient a most unequal struggle between Cross and Crescent. Whatever may be the ultimate result, whether Greece triumph or fall under the oppression of the merciless Turk—nothing should be allowed to impair our admiration of her noble cause. The same spirit that animated the Greeks is manifest in our own more enlightened country. The cries of starving and persecuted Cuba sent a thrill of pity through the bosom of every

unselfish American. True men and noble women are devoting their lives to the alleviation of suffering and the securing of justice. Sympathetic and liberty-loving men, like the immortal Lafayette, have left cheerful firesides and friends to share starvation in the desolate camp and suffer the terrors of battle and death with the unfortunate Cubans.

"But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."

Nobility does not require the jeopardy of life. Many are the noble characters in every vocation and profession, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Some of the greatest benefactors of mankind have lived and died unknown outside of their own communities. She who directs the steps of the little ones, imbuing their innocent minds with the germs of nobleness, thus filling the world with noble men and women, deserves as much the diadem of praise as any hero who sacrifices his life that a nation may live. On each one of us depends the future of our country and the progress of the world. The army we join in the constant struggle between good and evil is the test of true nobility. With each one rests the responsibility to hasten that glad time when all men shall learn that noble defeat is better than ignoble victory; when they shall cease to employ unjust means to gain success; when they shall cast away ambition for nobleness; then will come that bright millennial dawn, the golden age of which poets have sung and prophets have spoken, when all men's lives shall reflect the life of Him who is the consummate example of true nobility.



A HINT TO OUR WOMEN.

MRS. MATTIE HURD RUTLEDGE.

Our race is still progressing, financially and educationally. Some devote most of their time to reading, and this is

The rich of our race are taking care of themselves, so we must look out for ourselves. To do this, we must aggregate



MISS ALICE NUGENT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

(See page 136.)

very essential to elevation, while others have duties that will not allow them to spend their time in this way, but as this is the first step upon the ladder of success, I advise each of you to begin utilizing your time daily, by spending at least a half hour in the reading of some good book.

We lose too much time, just throw it away. Napoleon attributed his success to taking care of each moment. Just think of that, each moment, and think of the idle hours we have.

and use our spare means to the best advantage.

We are not able to establish libraries, although there may be some that I don't know of, we are not able to establish schools, colleges, and kindergartens as we need for our people.

We have not the means to erect hospitals, homes enough for our aged, homes enough for our orphans, schools of industry for our youth, but the little we can do, we are not doing, we can unite ourselves together by making a

small sacrifice, to help ourselves and our neighbor along.

We must begin to look out for our people. The opposite race are devoting much of their time to the protection of birds, etc. This I don't say is unnecessary, but they are fighting against social equality. I think Mrs. Josephine Ruffin right in applying for admission to the convention of woman's clubs at Los Angeles, Cal.

We have some brainy women. These I claim, are as good as the white, and why not let them enter to show the good their race is doing, so that to many of our citizens of this great country, our advancement should be known. A Christian, civilized race, claiming to keep the commandments of God, will not do justice to such a meek, humble race as the Negro race. Do they love their neighbor as themselves? Let them note the superiority they claim to possess, that they have shown in California. Let us not look at this on the wrong side, but let it be a

caution to us; let us aggregate and look more for the interest of our people. We cannot do so merely by talking, but we must make a sacrifice, and show by the help of God, we love our neighbor as ourselves.

In the past years our foreparents have given the opposite race labor, to-day they do not need our assistance; all the riches lie in their hands; let us begin working and striving for each other.

"Love lightens labor." By uniting we may help each other and also our youth.

We pray for more industries among our people, more intelligence and prosperity, then in the face of difficulties we can succeed. Let us work with energy for these golden powers, then social equality will attend to itself.

Plant yourself, if you want to grow.

Preserve your individuality, also, by maintaining your privacy, and like an ancient philosopher who lived in a tub, let not even a king obscure your sunshine.

OPERA AND THE AFRO-AMERICAN ARTIST.

ROBERT W. CARTER.

Despite the oppressive laws in the South and the disadvantages under which the Negro labors in the North, he still advances in mechanical and classical education, in science, art, in literature and in music.

When Doctor Booker T. Washington started the Tuskegee school for the purpose of affording the Afro-American race refined and mechanical training,—perhaps many of the white race doubted his ability to do so—while a number of Afro-American observers viewed the matter with considerable degree of levity and prophesied failure as to the result of such a great undertaking. But actuated by a high-souled purpose like Froebel, and other great educators, knowing the wants and needs of the uninformed, Doctor Washington has achieved what

many thought he would make a failure.

Though in his great effort to lead the young of the Afro-American race from darkness to light and knowledge, he found many teachers of ability in the field, but none who had exceeded the ordinary achievement in the great art of teaching as he has himself.

But with the art of teaching and of creating institutions and other enterprises wherein the enlightenment of the colored race is promoted, earlier efforts are but the stepping stones leading to grander institutions and greater success in the development of race progress. And as it is with the profession of teaching, so it is with other professions of human development, the higher branches of which the Negro is now endeavoring to enter. For since the

dawn of freedom many colored actors have appeared before the footlights to amuse the public; though not in high-class opera, as might be expected of the Caucasian race, whose advantages have been superior, and who have enjoyed many years of civilization. But it was in comic characters the colored actor made his debut before magnificent audiences of culture and refinement to demonstrate his talent in portraying the droll oddities of the race to which he belonged. Yet in this comic role he played and held a prominent part, carrying the audience by a storm, receiving much applause.

But now, having played a creditable part on the comic stage the colored actor aspires to classic opera, where he must in filling his role, imitate those not of his own race, but an artistic people, where he must sing with a cultivated voice, must be refined and artful in his movements, demonstrating superior training, refinement and intelligence.

Mr. Theodore Drury is the first to take the initiatory in this high art, appearing before a New York audience in the opera of Faust, supported by Miss C. Marie Rovelto taking the part of Marguerite and Mr. George L. Ruffin of Boston, filling the role as Valentin. Mr. Drury is yet a young man, and if his voice and ambition will sustain him, may become a star in the world of high-class performance. Let us sincerely hope that he will, let us support his great effort, and everything that tends to elevate the Afro-American race in art, science and literature, in education, mercantile and material progress. For every extraordinary undertaking is the evidence of a superior mind, and of a greater ambition to fill more important positions in life, and be of greater significance to the community in which we live.

It was a wonderful effort mingled with hope and courage, and a supreme desire on the part of Mr. Walter W. Wallace to reach a higher station in life that we now enjoy a high-class monthly known as "The Colored American Magazine." Furthermore, it is man's artistic taste,

the higher mental object in the distance which influences him to rise from a common place in life, and aspire to a higher degree of excellence. These were the forces that led Doctor Booker T. Washington, that persuaded Mr. Walter W. Wallace, and brought Mr. Theodore Drury in the great opera of "Faust" before a New York audience. This opera was written by Monsieur Charles Francois Gounod, a French composer of eminent ability, based on the famous poem of Goethe, and is one of the most popular operas, particularly noted for its melody and sweetness. And to produce it properly before an intelligent audience, the performers need to have extraordinary talent and a high intellectual training.

But the ambitious undertaking on part of Mr. Drury was a grand success so far as the experience and talent could make it so, for it was an opera that demanded high-class performance and artistic execution—quite different from the common role played by the Afro-American people in a minstrel show convulsing their audience with ludicrous songs. But there is no desire on the part of the writer to speak of minstrel performance in a spirit of unjust criticism, but to contrast the comical from the classical artist, artistic singing from ragtime songs—droll song and dancing from refined and classical music. For the white race thinks the Negro is at home in no place in the theatrical world but on the comic stage. Yet in spite of many difficulties and vicissitudes which would discourage any other race of people, it must be conceded that the Negro is advancing with the progress of civilization.

But while it is a fact that the Afro-American people are intellectually and otherwise progressing, we must acknowledge that there is much yet to be accomplished, and will therefore agree with our white critics that Gounod's work as produced by Mr. Drury and his company at the Lexington opera house, did not equal the "singing or the acting of 'Faust' at the Metropolitan, where centuries of culture, refinement and the

cream of white society assemble. But while we make no endeavor to vaunt over what the Afro-American has accomplished or may yet achieve, we look forward to the day when the acting and singing of a "Colored Faust"—when the

sors playing the same role at the Metropolitan. For the difference that now exists is the many years of artistic environments, superior advantages and centuries of unmitigated freedom. And, therefore, the white race is ahead of the



MISS LOLA FORD, DENVER, COL.

(See page 136.)

soft soprano voice of a "pretty mulatto Marguerite"—the musical talent, skill and ability of a "colored Valentine" at the Lexington opera house will be of no different, but of the same degree of excellence as the Anglo-Saxon profes-

colored man in finance, in mercantile business, science, art and intellectual advancement. Yet considering the many disadvantages against which the Afro-American has to contend, and of the many impediments that lie in the path of

progress, the world is bound to acknowledge that the Negro has made some advancement worthy of recognition. Still we must move onward until we achieve a higher significance in the financial and business world, in science and in art. For not only must the Afro-American become famous in the work of Gounod, but he must also familiarize himself with the work and art of Shakespeare. His

dramatic career would be incomplete, if he failed to come before the public in the role of Hamlet, supported by his Afro-American sister as Ophelia; in Romeo and a Juliet with African blood flowing in her veins, in Othello and a Desdemona of the colored race, in Merchant of Venice with a sable-hued Prince of Morocco and a Portia of the dark-skinned people.

LYRICS FOR JUNE.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

I

Echo, echo why so speed ye?
Can our Pan be jumping nigh?
Tell me, what sweet music lead ye
From thy sylvan haunt near by?
Echo, echo why so fleeting
To the mountain glen retreating?

Echo, wert thou sleeping well,
Drowned in summer's languid lull,
Till Pan's piping set the dell,
Ringing low and beautiful
With thy voices' murmuring leap
Travelling o'er the hill and deep?

II

Birdie, when you pass
Murmuring,
Where my lovely lass
By the spring
Sleeps beneath the grass,
Hum no tune of love, I pray,
Lest she weep, where chill'd, she lay.

Only dream the trill
You would send
When the grove is still
And vesp'rs wend
'Round the hushed and leafy hill,
To your dreamy mate among
Blooms that faint beneath your song.

Should your heart be overful
 And outpour
 Tender strains most beautiful
 Gently low'r
 To her ears some pensive lull—
 Low and sympathetic strains
 Full of deep and tender pains.

III

I went down the ways of the roses this noon,
 The birds were in time with the infinite skies
 And all my heart sang "It is June! it is June!"
 And all my soul teemed with the lovely surprise,
 As I went down the ways of the roses this noon.

And into my garden the shades bade them come,
 The wayfaring dreams that came forth of the sun;
 "Come rest," said the roses, "ere further ye roam;"
 "Be my guests," said my heart, "till the day it be done"—
 As into my garden the shades bade them come.

O long the dreams tarried within that sweet place;
 And unto my heart and the roses, they told,
 How on their long travel they met with a face
 All clouded with hair of the sun's fairest gold—
 And my heart and the roses sighed in the sweet place.

COL. WILLIAM A. PLEDGER.*

THE FORCEFUL ORATOR AND FEARLESS EDITOR.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

Possibly no one man has had a more decisive influence in Georgia politics and affairs generally in the last thirty years than Col. William A. Pledger. One of the few remaining of what has been styled "The Old Guard," he has acted well his part in the drama of events not alone in the South but throughout the whole country.

His career has been in many respects a succession of successes merited and won in the main by his own indomitable will and perseverance. Fearless almost to a fault, he has stood for the rights of his

people and for equal-handed justice, when to so stand and speak meant personal danger—and not for any hope of glory, but that good might come to the people whose interests he has never failed to espouse and champion. Of a strong and vigorous constitution, he has given the best years of his life, the energy of his youth and the fulness of his manhood to the cause of the masses. No sort of injustice whether in high places or low ¹ failed to draw forth the unqualified censure of his tongue and pen, and hundreds of men in times of danger

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or misfortune have found in him a friend, a listener to their tales of woe and a helper to the limit of his ability.

William A. Pledger was born a slave near Jonesboro, Ga. His father was also his master. Leaving the plantation after the war he went to Atlanta, where he did odd jobs around the hotels. In 1869 he went to work on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, where such men as Governor Bullock, Hon. Foster Blodgett and ex-Governor Brown became his friends. After working there for several years he resigned and left for Athens, Ga., where he taught district school for five years. About this time he became acquainted with Senator Norton, who had him appointed to a Government place and who was ever thereafter his staunch friend. At the expiration of his work in the Government service he re-entered school, notwithstanding the fact that he was at the time married and the father of two children. Staying in school (Atlanta University) until his senior year he left to look more closely after his domestic affairs.

In a short while thereafter, Mr. Pledger became the editor of the "Athens Blade," one among the pioneer Afro-American newspapers of the state. This paper he published for several years, and its influence was far-reaching. Again he entered into the service of the Government, having been appointed Surveyor of Customs at Atlanta, a position now held by Captain C. C. Wimbish. During the first administration of President Cleveland he was removed from this office, in order to make a place for a Democrat. Returning to private life, Mr. Pledger began work on one of the leading newspapers in Atlanta—"The Defiance"—where his trenchant pen had full sway in its manly fight for right. Leaving the paper he became an agent of the United States to look after landed interests in Louisiana and Alabama. About the time of his appointment many friends besought him to join with a number of prominent Afro-Americans for the purpose of forming what is now the Afro-American Council. The meeting was held in Chicago, and Mr. Pledger

became identified with the Council from its inception. From that time until the present he has been engaged in politics, newspaper work, and his profession, law.

In 1880, Mr. Pledger was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee, which had on it such men as Col. A. E. Buck, the present United States Minister to Japan, Mr. W. H. Johnson, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Georgia, and others equally well known. In the same year he was chosen a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and he has since then been a delegate to every National Republican Convention without intermission. In 1890 he was appointed Inspector of Immigration at Savannah, Ga., which place he held for three years. In 1894 he was admitted to the bar after a most searching and rigid examination by some of the ablest lawyers of the state. In the practice of law he has been counsel in some noted cases, and has achieved signal success in both the state and Federal courts.

As a campaign orator, Mr. Pledger is a power and he has taken part in every national political contest since the election of General Grant in 1868. His campaigning has not been confined to the South, but he has rendered effective service in several Eastern and Western states. Mr. Pledger's style of speaking is easy, yet forceful and convincing. He seems to enlist the attention of his audiences from the start, and retains it until the close. Whenever he has a talk to make, he makes it and no endeavors to cause him to desist on account of apparent physical danger to himself can serve to deter him. This has been his unvarying rule in the South, and he has won the admiration and following of his people on this account. As early as 1856, when a boy, he was impressed with Fremont, who was contesting with Buchanan for the presidency, and it is one of the most pleasant recollections of his youth that he informed his mother that Fremont was the man for the Negro.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Pledger is a stalwart and uncompromis-

ing Republican, he has nevertheless thousands of strong and tried friends among the Caucasian Democrats of the South. These men have been impressed with his sterling honesty and business integrity, and respect him for these qualities. In the conduct of his newspaper work he has of necessity frequently had to speak out in plain and unmistakable condemnation of lynchings, disfranchisement and kindred injustices. This he did unflinchingly and in no uncertain tone. Even threats to demolish his office and to do him deadly violence have not availed to stop him in his tirade against wrong. One of the evidences of his popularity is shown in the fact that some of his strongest political supporters have been Caucasians. The Republican State Committee, of which he is now Chairman, is composed of both Afro-Americans and Caucasians, many being prominent in a business and professional way. These men are his friends and have great confidence in his ability and wisdom as the head of the organization in the state. Their friendship is unfeigned and they show it in their support of him and the measures he advocates. They have noted his uniform fairness in the conduct of things political, his studied purpose to do right in his capacity as Chairman and they willingly give him their support and assistance. He in return shows a spirit of appreciation, and the result is that there is no friction.

His advice to his people is always on the right line and while he does not believe in not showing resentment when the time comes to show it, he always counsels cool and deliberate judgment and action. In the South where the Afro-Americans live in such large numbers there is need of men of keen and discreet judgment to prevent friction between the races. Every Afro-American in the state of Georgia knows that in matters pertaining to the race it is safe to rely upon the advice of Mr. Pledger, because, as has been stated, while he does not believe in stirring up strife, yet he does not yield one inch to manifest

and intentional injustice. Every Caucasian in the state knows that his contentions for his people are founded on right and though he may contend for them vehemently and sometimes with apparently too much zeal, he is after all asking only for what he is justly entitled to. It has been demonstrated that this sort of procedure has resulted in much good to the masses of the Afro-American people at the South. Left alone without any sort of a champion for their rights, they are more certain to feel the full force of the iron heel of oppression. The South has furnished several men of this stamp whose whole lives have been devoted to the fight for humanity, and in this work none has excelled Mr. Pledger, in the forcefulness of manner in which his opinions and convictions have been expressed.

At the Atlanta Exposition in 1895, he delivered an interesting speech which caused a great deal of comment at the time. He said in part: "It behooves us all to fall in line in the interest of progress and humanity. There can be no true progress without kind and just and impartial dealing, as between man and man. The condition of the races in the South is such that there should be the best of feeling between them. The Afro-American asks only for justice. He knows that he is entitled to this much, and he knows it is his right, and feels that it is his duty to ask for it. How can you expect less of him? Why should he not be granted it? A common interest and similar environments demand that there should be a uniformity of treatment and a due regard for the rights of all."

In an address before the Bethel Literary and Historical Society of Washington, in 1897, Mr. Pledger made an impressive speech on "The Afro-American in Business and Industrial Walks." Much of his time has been given to helping in the upbuilding of the race along business and commercial lines. Always advising the people to become property owners, he has tried to set the example by getting some of this world's goods.

Mr. Pledger is at present actively en-

gaged in the practice of law in Atlanta, where he is meeting with gratifying success and where he has the utmost confidence and respect of his brother attorneys. In the fall of 1901 he was selected as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Georgia, which position he now occupies. Of necessity he is compelled to give a great deal of his time

to looking after the political interests of his constituents and he is a frequent visitor to Washington, where he is well and favorably known. Mr. Pledger is Vice-President of the National Afro-American Press Association and Second Vice-President of the National Afro-American Council.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

ANNA ELIZABETH COFER.

What will our future be?
Is a question often asked,
Will we, the Negro, ever see
Our hidden pow'r unmasked?

Yes, we were once a hopeless race;
And with us the mem'ry lives;
A race that did not dare to taste
The joy that freedom gives.

But now, we are free at last,
Free, by God's will divine;
Threw off the chains that held us fast
To cope with all mankind.

To be a Negro is no disgrace;
A Negro bold and true;
True to his God, and to his race,
His duty quick to do.

This kind of Negro is the man
That's sure to win at last;
If more of these were in the land,
We'd soon blot out the past.

Other men are laboring hard
To reach the goal of fame;
And we will find a sure reward,
If we strive to do the same.

If we would only be inspired
 By the example our Douglass set,
 Our wand'ring brother's footsteps guide,
 To all that's good and great.

And if we would attain success,
 And conquer in the strife,
 This motto will always be the best,
 "Have some true aim in life."

Our standard of right must be so high,
 That we'll loath to stoop to wrong;
 That we'll do the right, the wrong defy,
 Though weak—our purpose strong.

And after the darkness, the sunshine
 Will the pathway of our lives illumine;
 And blessed peace will all enshrine
 In its eternal home.

Then, let our minds be nobly set,
 To do the best we can.
 And we shall never once regret
 That we made our future grand.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

ALBERT ALONZO TENNANT.

Poets have well described and artists have vividly painted the beautiful scenery of this world, but if we would enjoy life fully, we must seek out these grandeurs for ourselves. A person having a mind susceptible to the beautiful, cannot look up into the summer sky, gaze upon the mountain tops, linger by the gentle rill, or lose himself among the woodland flowers without acknowledging that nature is full of beauty. If our minds are shrouded in sadness and we become the victims of gloomy thoughts, all outward objects lose their beauty. The rose sends forth her fragrance in vain, the nodding daisies are passed by unnoticed, and the

good-morning songs of the birds are unheard. But who can fail to appreciate the beauties of Nature's temple? The ornaments of nature, the sunshine and shadows, the fruits and flowers, the forests and seas, the lakes and sparkling brooks, are the gifts of a merciful Giver and are calling upon us to learn their lessons and to linger beneath their bowers until our spirits shall break forth in adoration and praise to their great Author.

We who have spent our vacation in the country or by the shore and have seen the sun rise over the mountains, or "out of the sea" can appreciate the glo-

ries of the sunrise. As the grand inspirer of life lifts his head above the eastern horizon, the clouds are tinged with gorgeous colors. Troops of merry sunbeams go dancing over the earth, carrying joy and gladness to many a sorrowful heart and darkened home. Even the birds feel the charm of the rising sun, and fill the fresh morning air with songs of thanksgiving and praise. The flowers open and send forth their sweetest fragrance and all nature puts on a lovely gown. Soon this great source of heat and light mounts higher and higher; the heat becomes more and more intense, until, at noon, all nature confesses the power of that great, fiery globe. Onward and ever onward rolls the earth, less and less is the heat from the sun, and soon we see his glorious face sinking below the western hills, bidding us a cheerful good-night.

Our old friend does not leave us suddenly, for, even after he is lost to view, his glory is reflected back to us, and we enjoy the calm and peaceful twilight. Tired nature, exhausted by the heat and

work of the day, repose on dewy beds of slumber. Birds fly home to their nests. The curtains of night are drawn, and the world is at rest.

Scarcely has nature put on her shadowy robe, when, turning our eyes to the east, we behold the smiling moon as it emerges from behind the mountains. How calm and beautiful is the scene of a moonlight night. It brings to our remembrance touching scenes of the past, elevates our thoughts above earthly things, and carries us back to the time when that same moon shone upon the first lovers in the verdant garden of Eden, and its glory shall be the same until time shall be no more. Let us look upward again and gaze upon the "floor of heaven, thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." How strange to think that these stars are centers of other systems of worlds as the sun is the centre of the solar system, and that our own dark earth is as a glittering star to the other planets. When we look upon nature's lamps, we are filled with wonder and rapid questions crowd upon us.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

An interesting entertainment one receives after an invitation into the mysteries and doings of "The Black Cat Club," by Mr. James D. Corrothers. Something unique in its manner it is certainly praiseworthy in its method. The Club has its existence in Chicago, and the credit of its origin is due to Mr. Sandy Jenkins, the Poet Laureate of the "Lever," who is widely and affectionately addressed by the inhabitants of the district by the soubriquet of "Doc." Jenkins draws about him some well-known characters of the "Lever," but in the Club assumed names are adopted.

The Black Cat Club: Negro Humor and Folk-Lore. By James D. Corrothers. Funk & Wagnall Co., New York. 1902.

None but the imperial Jenkins himself is allowed to retain his usual cognomen. Henry Harris is the Club's chaplain. In the Club he is known as the "Rev. Dark Loudmouth." He opens up the meeting with a prayer to the Black Cat. The Club has no secretary. It doesn't need any, so the members say, but "K. C. Brighteyes" looks after the Club's funds. Jenkins is both its president and poet-laureate. The Club has no critic. It couldn't stand one. "Bad Bat Sampson" is its sergeant-at-arms. Other members of the society are: "Johnny Yallowshort," "Saskatchewan Jones," "Prof. Lightfoot Johnsing," "Roustabout Thompson" and "Slippery Simon." The Club has no honorary members;

but by virtue of its constitution it is allowed to have 999. Contrary to general usage, however, these members will not be chosen because of their brilliancy, or the honor they are expected to reflect upon the Club; nor will they be called honorary members at all. They will be denominated "onry members," and will be chosen because they are considered too 'onry to belong to the Club.

There are nine members in the Club—one for each one of the cat's alleged nine lives. New members are never taken in—old ones are not permitted to withdraw. College graduates are not eligible to membership, and no member is allowed to become familiar with the classics, or to speak disrespectfully of Jenkins' black cat. In fact, the Club members are expected to learn all they can concerning cats, witches, ghosts, quaint Negro sayings and plantation stories and melodies, and to impart them in an original manner at the meetings of the Club. Small banquets will be given at all meetings of the society, where water-melons, 'possum, sweeten 'tatahs, pie, co'pone, po'k chops, chicken and intoxicating liquors will be very much in evidence. The Club met every Friday. This motto hung on the wall of the club-room:

"Death to eavesdroppers, policemen and reporters.

By order of Mesmerizer and the Club."

One of its most unique and laughable features is a farcical worship of Jenkins' black cat, "Mesmerizer," who is supposed to bring good luck to members of the organization, but to be a deadly "hoodoo" to their enemies. Mesmerizer is alleged to be as old as the universe, and to be the child of Satan himself. He is closely related to the "original sin" and delights in doing evil.

When the Club was in session every member had a rabbit's foot and a silver spoon; likewise a silver quarter in the toe of his shoe, and a newly-sharpened razor near at hand.

With this material Mr. Corrothers has written a book of quaint humor and delightful situations. From Sandy Jenkins

to Slippery Simon there is not one with whom there would not be a certain personal delight in meeting. Mr. Corrothers depicts a sort of elemental Negro, characteristic of the levee, but without any serious perversion of degradation or verile bad nature. The club-men are lovable. There is so much good nature behind the actual impression of their doings in moments of bad feeling and unreasonable temper, one cannot somehow ally them with the typical Negro of the same stamp. No fracas they indulge in seems real. The best good intention seems to prevail even when razors are drawn and a bitter injury is imminent. A delicate humor so pervades the book one easily deceives oneself that it is of a higher social circle these chronicles encompass. The stories the members relate at the meetings are clever and original. The addresses Jenkins makes before the society are indeed, truisms, diffused in the homily of humor. One on "De Eddicated Cullud Man," quite compares Mr. Dooley's opinions in that Hibernian gentleman's best vein. His poetry is true in character to its incentive, but keyed to many moods. We cannot refrain a quotation or two. From Jenkins' famous poem "De Cahavin," which relates a razor duel between two jealous rivals there is this very sad but captivating conclusion:

"Alas! how I regrets to tell

How bofe at last in mincemeat fell.
But in de midst of dat brown hash,
De razahs still contrived to clash,
As ef de souls ob dem two shades
Still struggled in de razah blades!
We sent around an' got some glue,
An' done de bes' dat we could do—
We tried; but, man we tried in vain
To make 'em stick together again—
All we could do wuz git a broom,
An' sweep 'em bofe out ob de room."

Or this opening stanza to the melancholy but musical "'Way in de woods, an' nobody dah":

"De ole owl libs in a lonely place—

'Way in de woods, an' nobody dah!

Eyes lak sunflowers in his face—
 'Way in de woods, an' nobody dah.
 Sets an' broods alone, alone—
 Sets an' sigh, an' moan an' moan,
 When de silvah moon goes down—
 'Way in de woods, an' nobody dah!"

To tell of the Club's visit to "Shake Schneider's" saloon; or the Great Debate; the applying of the Chicago's Golden Rule; of Sandy's visit to Terre Haute; of the episode with James Whitcomb Riley in Good Eatin's; and about Jenkins' delighted romance with Miss Sibyle Underwood, whereby he broke one of the club rules by speculating in matrimony; and of the kindly Chicago Board of Trade man who set Sandy on the high road to prosperity by which he was able to assist and lift his former friends out of their former undesirable positions in life, would be to infringe on Mr. Corrother's publishers. These things we leave for the reader to discover for himself, but we can assure him of an ample repayment for his trouble.

In the light of the apparent material progress of the Negro, and contrasting deeply with Mr. Washington's "Up From Slavery," and Mrs. Erskine's "When the Gates Lift up Their Heads," Mr. Dixon's book, "The Leopard's Spots" comes from the press an ill-starred and deformed piece of fiction. There is absolutely no rational excuse for the book's being; and least of all, as its vaunted mission, can it in any way promote civilization or assist in the "federation of the world." The author's doctrine is the complete subjugation of the Negro to insure the redemption and maintainance of an unadulterated American Republic. With appalling recurrence the author, with shallow austerity warns his countrymen that "In a Democracy you cannot build a nation inside a nation of two antagonistic races, and therefore the future American must be either an Anglo-Saxon or a Mulatto."

By this I presume Mr. Dixon means that sixty odd millions of people of hete-

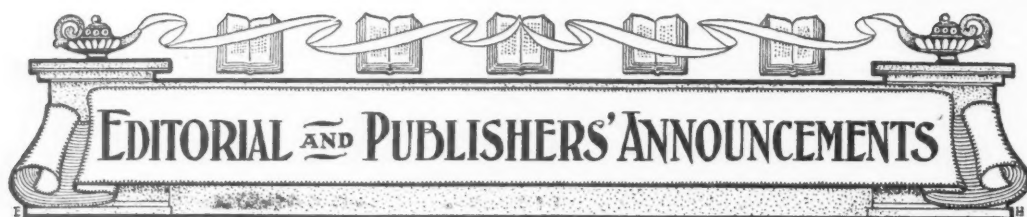
rogenous blood in granting social, industrial and political equality to the Negro will develop a preponderance of inheritance from the lesser numerical race and build up a Mulatto nation. Granting the possibility of this illogical reasoning, Mr. Dixon asks. "And if a Mulatto, is the future worth discussing?" By this question one can readily discern the author's estimate of the Negro; and in the book before us he expresses it with a revolting and odious disregard for truth.

Mr. Dixon has formed a discouraging and personal conception of the Negro and expressed it with ineffectual sophistry through a medium with novelistic pretensions that has outraged this branch of literature. The fact that the author claims authentic reports and documents from which he obtained the material for his book, in no wise justifies his resuscitation of dead acts upon which to build a didactic or problematic work. The book simply reveals a propaganda of narrow and extremely prejudicial principles.

We have many lovable, honest and worthy Negro characters in fiction. Mr. Dixon's blindness to the best qualities in human nature has failed to give us one. Not only has he failed in this,—but his creations of white types are mummies and tinsel figures that crowd four hundred and sixty-five pages covering a period of thirty-five years. The background of Mr. Dixon's canvass one confesses, admits ample inspiration for the completion of a wonderful picture. However one may differ from Thomas Nelson Page's point of view, one feels in reading "Red Rock" that actual men and women of strong and worthy convictions act out a drama of real human destinies.

Mr. Dixon, to the contrary, inspires no confidence or consideration for the characters he creates and the principles they stand for. To go through the history of his people is distasteful. One who reads simply for the pleasure a story gives is very likely to lay this book aside after perusing a few pages; but for one who expects to pass judgment upon it as a piece of literature it is excruciating.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1902.



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JOHN F. RANSOM, *President.*

WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.*

JESSE W. WATKINS, *Treasurer.*

W. A. JOHNSON, *Secretary and Advertising Manager.*

Once again the summer season has arrived, and with its coming, many of our readers will be more or less scattered for several months. Can we not, one and all, as we visit new scenes and meet with new faces, bear in mind the fact that this is the very best season of all the year in which to do missionary work for this magazine? We are fully thankful for the generous response that the race has made up to the present time, but at the same time we are forced to realize that there are yet many thousands of our people who are not yet acquainted with our work, and whose help and influence we need in building up a great publishing house that shall be the crown and glory of the negro's progress during the twentieth century. We would therefore urge upon each and every one of our readers the great importance of speaking for the magazine wherever you go. And not only talk magazine, but be sure and have a copy with you on your travels, that you may show to all inquiring ones the high literary standard maintained by "The Colored American Magazine." If you find friends who would like to have a sample copy before subscribing, send in their names and addresses and we will be pleased to forward same. But better still, get your friends to subscribe for a year, and send in the remittance with your letter, and they will get a copy of the beautiful photogravure "The Young Colored American," size for framing, free.

The remarkable offer of a copy of the great Negro romance "Contending

Forces" free with each yearly subscription to "The Colored American Magazine," that is sent directly to the home office, has already created a demand for many hundreds of copies of this popular story. We are glad to continue this offer so long as the edition of the book lasts, but it will positively be withdrawn as soon as the present edition of the book is exhausted. To make sure of a copy of the book free send in your subscription at once, and thus take advantage of the greatest offer ever made in the history of negro publishing.

A WORD TO OUR REGULAR AGENTS.

During the summer months you will all have an opportunity of showing the magazine to new people and in new sections. Many of our agents write us that they are finding an especially favorable field of effort at this time among the white people whom they find deeply interested in our magazine. We think that if all our agents would make special efforts to interest the better class of white people, that the results would be more than satisfactory. Do not under any consideration neglect your regular patrons, but try and branch out and make your position as our representative more profitable to yourselves. We are publishing a strictly high-grade magazine, and we want it circulated in one hundred thousand homes, among any and all races who are interested in our progress. There are fifty thousand homes of white people in this country where this magazine would be subscribed for, if only they knew of its existence. Is it not our duty

then to acquaint them with it and thus spread its usefulness and influence? This magazine can be made to have no small part in tearing down the present high an unreasonable wall of race prejudice, and thus assist in ushering in the glad day of "The brotherhood of Man; the Federation of the World."

We are shipping watches to our premium workers every week, and to say that they are all delighted with them is putting it mildly. The watches are certainly all that could be desired. A Standard American movement, either ladies or gentleman's size, in a gold-filled case (not plated) and warranted by the makers (The Philadelphia Watch Case Co) to wear for five years. And these magnificent timepieces are absolutely given away free to each and every person who will send us but eight regular subscribers at \$1.50 each. It will take but a few hours of your time to secure them. Why not begin now? If you already have a watch, you still want to receive one of these as a premium, as you can easily sell it for from \$10.00 to \$12.00, which would be very good pay for a few hours' work in introducing "The Colored American Magazine." The watch will be sent to the party sending the subscription at once upon receipt of order with remittance. Let the good work go on.

Our July number will contain a sketch of the life and work of Miss Imogen Howard for thirty years a teacher in the public schools of New York, and a graduate of New York University—receiving the degree of "Master of Pedagogy." She was appointed by Gov. Flower in 1892 a member of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York for the Columbian Exposition. This sketch by Miss Hopkins, will close the article on "Famous Women Educators."

The July issue will also contain a most interesting romance, in the form of the adventures of the late Henry O. Wagoner of Denver, Colo. Mr. Wagoner has been called "The Douglass of Colo-

rado," and the retrospect of his eighty-four years reads like a work of fiction.

The Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress that is to be held at Atlanta, Ga., August 6-11, will certainly be a most enjoyable and helpful gathering. Let there be a large attendance, and let the good results of this mighty gathering of young people be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Special rates on all railroads. For full particulars, address, the Corresponding Secretary of the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress, I. Garland Penn, South Atlanta, Ga., or the First Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. W. E. Bowen, D.D., South Atlanta, Ga.

Our esteemed friend, the "Boston Evening Record" has the following motto at the head of its editorial page:—

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

Judged by this statement it would seem that the Negro race should expect at least a fair show at the hands of the editor of this paper. But such evidently is not the case, as the following editorial, which appeared in their edition of May 14, would show.

"Our colored brethren in Faneuil Hall last evening, with Govs. Boutwell and Brackett, made out a strong case in favor of allowing the negroes in the South their constitutional rights to vote. But, while they are all right in theory, in practice it will be generations, if ever, before they are again permitted to have any real rights of citizenship in the South. The Southern states will not allow it. The latter has stood by since 1895, with absolute republican control, and said not a word. It will never act. Our military rule of the yellow man in the Philippines and declaration that he cannot be safely trusted to govern himself is the one point which the southern democrat needs to confirm his position and from it he will never be ousted while we admit the theory of the racial depravity of the colored man."

Yes, Brother Barrett and others of the

Editorial staff of "The Record," we are all right in theory and we are getting there rapidly in actual practice. Be at least manly and give us as a race a fair show. Remember the awful condition from which we have been but a short time removed. Look at our leading race men, our really representative men; see them laboring their best to help onward and upward our great race of over ten million souls in America. And do you mean to say that the day is not soon to dawn when our ten millions shall all enjoy the rights of franchise? Are the American people so blinded by the dollar, that all sense of fair play and justice will yet long remain trampled under foot? God forbid!

We see signs of the new awakening on all sides. The better element of the white against the man of color in this country as well as the islands of the eastern world.

As Dr. Eliot so very clearly put the matter in his address as President of the Unitarian Association at its 77th annual meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on May 27, when he said:

"We ought to insist upon the fundamentally moral character of the issues of the hour. The national issues which today most conspicuously agitate public opinion are at the bottom moral questions, and they will never be permanently settled until they are settled according to the requirements of right feeling, brotherly sympathy and impartial justice."

FACTS FOR GOV. JEFF DAVIS TO CONSIDER.

(From the Rogers (Ark.) Journal.

"It is clear to anyone who has as much sense as a barrel of hair, that the act on the part of Davis is a brazen insult to the state of Massachusetts.

Is Massachusetts under any obligation to become the foster-parent of Arkansas criminals, black or white?

If the United States government has the right to prevent the immigration of

criminals from Europe has not any particular state the right to do the same?

Jeff Davis has, by this one act, forfeited the respect of every right thinking citizen of the state. There was no call for this insult.

Such men as the lamented H. W. Grady have been for years trying to restore a friendly feeling between the two sections of a common country and after all that has been done, and all true lovers of our country were hoping that the fruits of their labors were ripe, here comes this set-back to their hopes from a man whose very position should be a guarantee of better things.

It was a premeditated insult to one of the grandest commonwealths of the union. In the first place the last statement is a wilful lie.

Massachusetts has never proclaimed social equality of the black and white races.

There is no such thing, never was nor ever will be, as social equality. There is such a thing as equality of natural rights and they were all stated clearly in the Declaration of Independence.

Massachusetts stood squarely on that document; that all men are created equal to those rights regardless of color or nationality. Slavery was denounced because it stultified that document.

And ever since the damnable institution was wiped out, a certain class of men in the South have been wearing crape on their hats because they had to earn their own living or pay somebody for earning it for them. They no longer have the exquisite pleasure of stealing a baby from its mother and then whaling her back raw if she cries about it, and it nearly kills them.

Go to! Go to! You are relics of a bygone age. If you are as sure of your social standing as you pretend to be, don't be so almighty afraid of being classed with coons. There isn't a Yankee in all New England but is perfectly certain of his social standing, hence he has no fears that family reunions may develop unpleasant features."